

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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THE MEXICAN TROUBLES AT MATAMORAS.

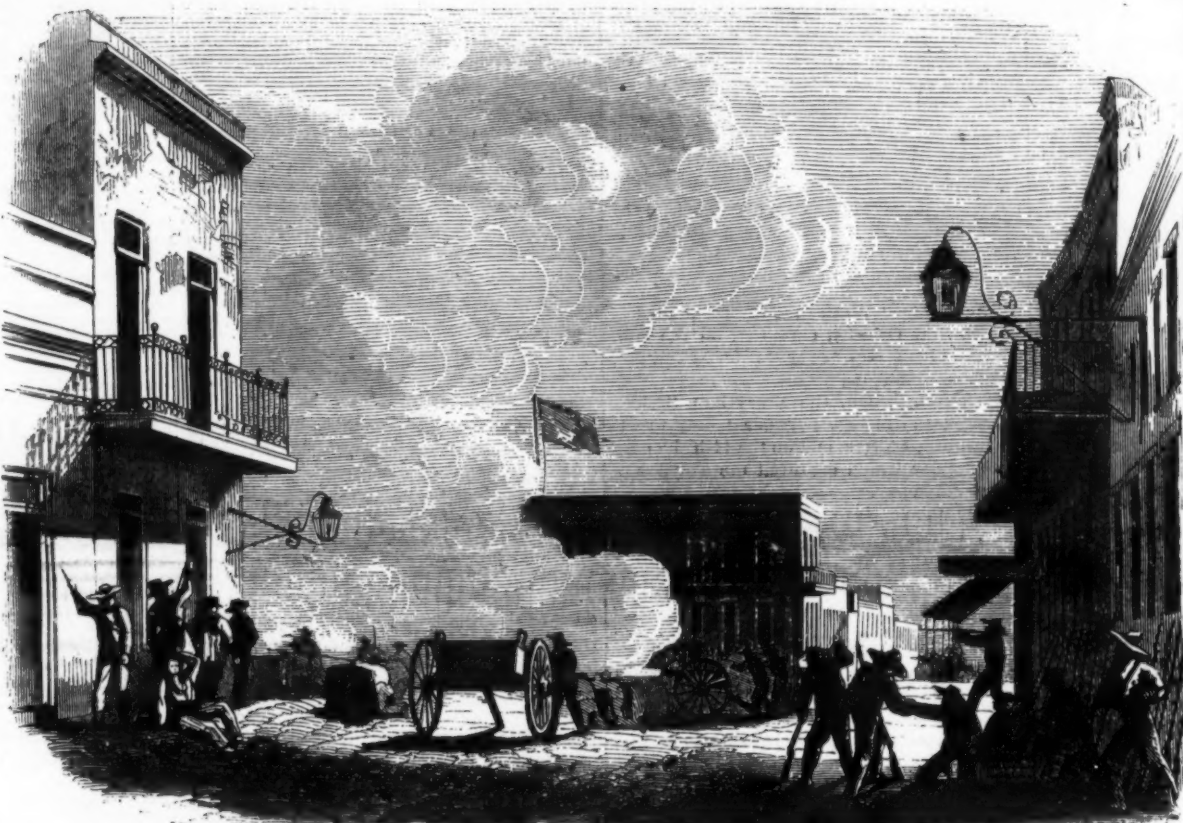
THE occupation of the line of the Rio Grande by our army, under Gen. Banks, has brought us to the scene of Mexican troubles. Our Artist sends us sketches of the recent battle in Matamoras between the adherents of Cortina and Ruiz.

Cortina is the champion of Serna, whom the people have twice elected Governor; Ruiz is appointed by Juarez. Both parties took up arms, Cortina holding the cathedral, which was full of ammunition; but he at last divided this with Ruiz, and withdrew to the Plaza de Allende, of which we give a very accurate sketch, taking up his headquarters in the little house on the extreme left. The little church, from which the people usually style it Plaza de Capella, may be seen on the background.

On the 12th of January hostilities began. Cardenas, second in command to Cortina, went to the palace and attempted to force the guard; but with his attendants was taken, and almost immediately Cardenas was shot.

Cortina's men at once gathered to revenge this act, and the next day the battle began. Ruiz had about 1,000 men, with two poor cannon; and Cortina's some 800 men and six old guns.

The Calle de Cesar, of which we give a sketch, showing the fight at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, opens into Plaza de Hidalgo. Cortina's men had made a barricade of



THE TROUBLES AT MATAMORAS, MEXICO—FIGHT NEAR THE COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL, BETWEEN CORTINA AND RUIZ, JAN. 13.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

bagging bales, from which they fired at every Ruiz man, driving them from the street and palace balcony. They were, too, a support to the gun shown in our sketch, which kept hurling old iron in every shape on the enemy. Near the Texan store stood a Texan sharpshooter, in the middle of the street, firing all day with deadly aim. He tried to get the Mexicans to roll the bales further down the street, but when they would not he gave up in disgust and walked away.

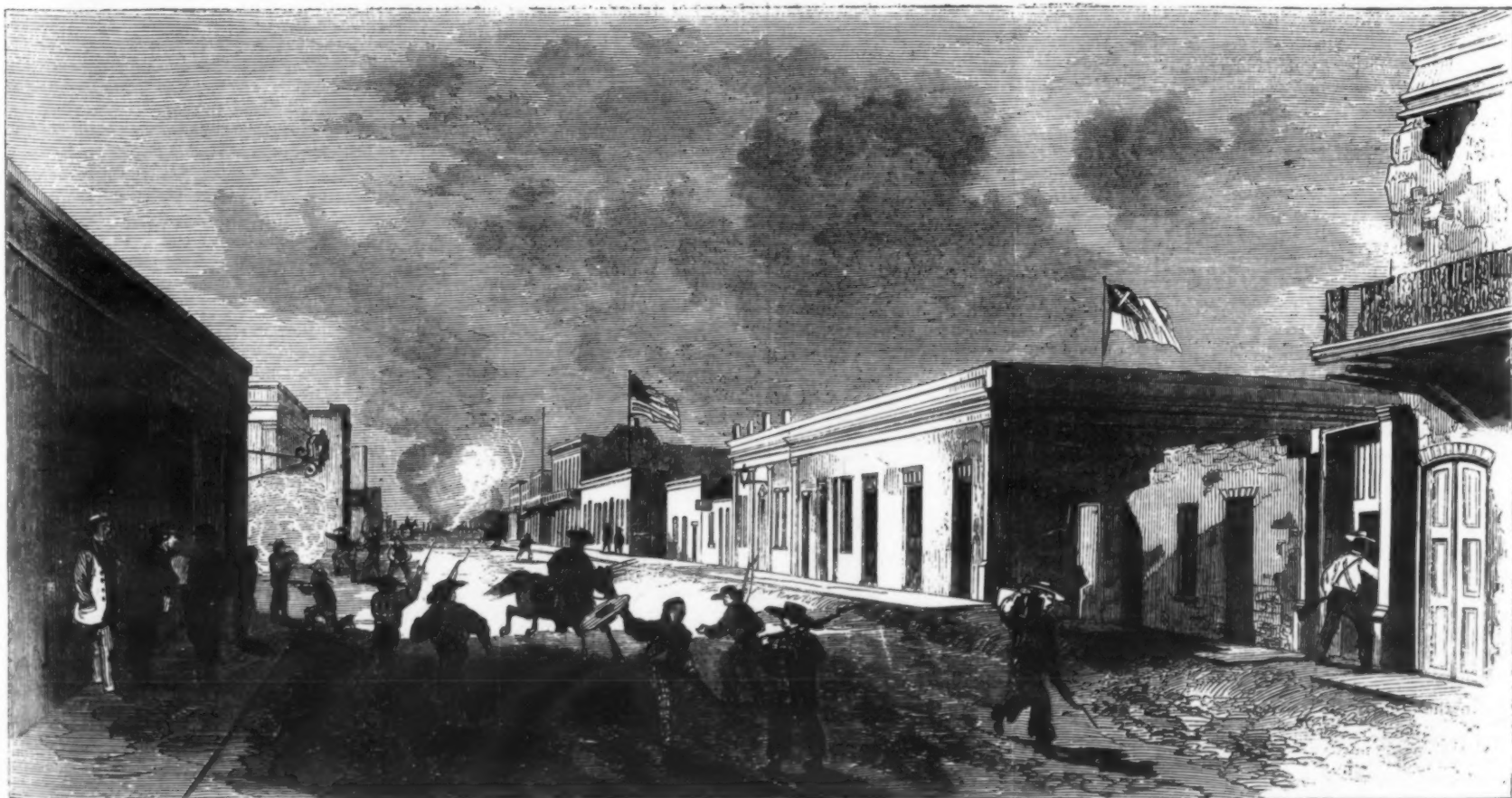
The partisans of Ruiz at last fled, and at one o'clock Cortina and his party took possession of the palace. His cavalry soon brought in a batch of prisoners, and the affair ended.

We give a fine view of the Governor's Palace, which was held by the partisans of Ruiz long after he retreated.

Our Consul, fearing a sack of the town, had applied for protection to Gen. Herron, who sent over the 20th Wis. consin, 19th Iowa and 94th Illinois.

After the fight Albino Lopez, ex-Governor of Tamaulipas, while crossing the ferry to Brownsville, was shot by a boy of 14. He was greatly regretted, and both he and Cardenas were buried at the little church shown in the sketch of the Plaza de Allende.

We give also a view in the Calle de Cesar of wagons loaded for Piedras Negras, to be shipped across the river to Eagle Pass, Texas. This is the present route for the Confederates.



THE TROUBLES AT MATAMORAS, MEXICO—CORTINA'S MEN FIRING ON THE PALACE FROM A BARRIAGE ON THE PLAZA DE HIDALGO, JAN. 13.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

more small. The moving wax figures and a countless number of other curiosities on view make a man ashamed that he has only paid a quarter for such a plentiful banquet of wonder, entertainment and instruction. We forgot to mention the educated seal, which plays on a musical instrument, probably the violoncello.

Intelligence of the artistic successes of Adeline Patil came up on the floor every day. The city of Madras has gone mad about her, and has known that it rests up in its bow, or the honored position of its highest step. We should not be surprised if the delicate and *epi-que* Patil become puray with riches, so readily does the old fall into her clutches. The Queen of Spain, besides presenting her with a gold medalion surrounded with sapphires and diamonds, has made Maurice Strakosh a chevalier of the violoncello.

They will not allow actors to desecrate the Sabbath in Sacramento, consequently they made an example of Kean Buchanan. Asa Lee, Monken, T. Maguire, and other members of the company, by fining each and every one \$50 for performing on a Sunday.

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN; OR, ETIQUETTE AND FLOQUENCE &c., containing Model Speeches for all occasions 500 Toasts, Etiquette, &c. New York: Dick and Fitzgerald. 12mo.

This is one of Dick and Fitzgerald's popular works, which in the variety of its matter and its general usefulness cannot fail to meet with a large and merited sale.

THERE can be no question about the success of the present Italian opera season, for there

There can be no question about the success of the present Italian opera season, for there seems to be among all classes, an enthusiasm on the subject rarely if ever exhibited before. The first night, Monday, Feb. 1st, was an old-fashioned miserable night, one of the most wretched in the category of abominations, and yet the house was handsomely filled by a fashionable and appreciative audience. The opera announced was "Ione," but in consequence of the sickness of Biachi "Il Trovatore" was obliged to be substituted. The audience took the change with perfect goodhumor, and indeed the opera was so well performed that one must have been very exigent in his demands to have required more excellence than was then displayed. The second opera, "Don Giovanni" attracted an overflowing and bri-

Two disastrous fires occurred at Columbia on the 2d, in which 800 bales Sea Island and 2,700 upland cotton, worth \$3,000,000, were destroyed.

Don Giovanni, attracted an overwhelming and brilliant audience on Wednesday evening. It was a subject of general remark that the front of the house

On the 5th and 6th the rebels made an attack on Cumberland gap, but were repulsed by Col. Love.

never before wore so brilliant an appearance. Diamonds flashed in every bosom, and the toilettes were of the most gorgeous description. If all were not in

Longstreet's headquarters are at Russellville, and he has now repaired all his railroads and bridges, and is in full communication with Richmond.

Gen. Sturges, on the 28th ult., repulsed the rebel cavalry at Fair Garden, near Sevierville, with loss, in a hand-to-hand fight.

the most perfect taste, and they certainly were not, there was enough of richness and costliness to pro-

Our paper is beyond all others the journal that offers to the public the greatest number of American tales and poems. Great as are the numbers that constantly reach us, we are always happy to receive tales and poems of merit. If accepted they will be remunerated duly. When declined they are returned without delay.

Contributors will be good enough to write legibly, on one side only of the paper, and give their address distinctly. Comic sketches for engraving, or hints for such illustrations, are also acceptable.

The steamer Western Metropolis, on her way to New Orleans, captured, on the 28th Jan., the blockade-runner Rosita, of Havana, 50 miles from Tortugas.

On the 18th Jan. the Stars and Stripes captured the blockade-runner Laura in St. Mark's bay, Florida, and on the 14th the supply steamer Union captured the Mayflower near Tampa bay.

The gunboat Huron, about the 1st of January, captured the British ship Sylvanus near Doboy sound.

In the Senate on the 1st of Feb. the resignation of Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, was received, and the credentials of his successor, G. R. Biddle, were presented. Mr. Davis, Ky., explained his action on the question of the expulsion of Powell and Bright, and also his course on the Confiscation question. The death of Senator Noel. Mo. was announced.

WE wish to purchase a complete set of FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL. Any person desiring to dispose of the same can receive double its original cost by sending it to the office of this paper.

In the House a resolution suspending the Conscription bill was defeated by 84 to 42; also, a vote recommending Gen. Grant to the position of Lieutenant-General was passed, 96 to 41. A resolution recommending a more vigorous enlisting of colored troops was passed by 80 to 46.

In the Senate on the 2d of Feb., the amendments of the Finance Committee to the Internal Revenue were reported by Mr. Fessenden. They strike out the provision for a tax of 20 cents additional on rectified spirits, and also that which taxes whiskey on hard after Jan. 12. They increase the tax on whiskey after July 1 and prior to Jan. next to 70 cents, and after Jan. 1, 1865, to 80 cents. The duty on imported whiskey after July and prior to Jan. next, is increased from 40 to 60 cents, and after Jan. next to 60 cents. The House bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General was received and referred to the Military Committee. A long and interesting debate on the corporations and expenditures of the Navy Department arose during the consideration of the resolution requiring the attendance of agents of departments before investigating committees. The bill to increase the number of colored troops was taken up, and Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, delivered a radical speech on slavery and the war.

In the House the Army Appropriation bill for \$529,500,000 was reported. A resolution calling for information as to whether the supplies for the navy are obtained by contract or purchased in an open market was adopted. Mr. Freeman Clark offered a resolution which was agreed to, directing the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of allowing a tax on imports and domestic manufactures, the sum of \$350,000,000, to pay the interest on the national debt and defray the ordinary and extraordinary expenditures of the Government; also as to restricting the amount of bank circulation, etc.

On the 2d of February Col. Mulligan advanced up New creek and reoccupied Burlington and Moorefield junction, driving the enemy before him. A party of 500 of Rosser's cavalry reached the railroad at New creek at noon and began to destroy the bridges and telegraph wires. They were soon driven off.

On the 2d Gen. Sullivan, in endeavoring to cut off a rebel party, came on a large force in Mechanicsville gap, near Romney, and a fight ensued, in which the enemy were defeated at Moorfield and driven out of Petersburg with loss.

The steamer Levi, with Gen. Scammon and Staff on board, was captured by the rebels on the Kanawha, on the 3d, all on board being asleep at the time.

In the Senate on the 3d Feb. there was no business of the slightest public interest performed.

On the 1st of February the Union cavalry made a reconnoissance to Madison Court House. Richmond papers found there contain an address of Gen. Lee to his army, exhorting his soldiers to endure their hardships and short rations a short time longer.

An expedition from Norfolk on Jan. 31, under Gen. Graham, in the steamers Smith Briggs, Flora Temple and Long Branch, proceeded to Smithfield in order to attack Chuckatuck. Some troops landed, but were attacked by the 31st North Carolina and driven to the Smith Briggs, when unfortunately a rebel ball entered her boiler, causing an explosion. The magazine then took fire and the vessel blew up. The whole party were killed or taken.

On the 6th a reconnoitring force crossed the Rapidan and found Lee still in force in front of Meade.

CUDJO'S CAVE. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
Boston: Tilton & Co.

An exciting story of Eastern Tennessee, in which the sufferings of the patriots are graphically depicted. The novel is well written, full of interest, and the

Military.—A major wearing the U. S. uniform was recently turned out of the Washington and Georgetown cars because he was a colored man. The outrage has been brought before Gen. Martindale.

Up to the middle of last May our armies had lost only 50 per 1,000 a year of the whole force. The English army suffered in the Peninsula campaign an annual loss of 265 per 1,000, and during three months in the Crimea 511 out of 1,000 perished, mostly by disease.

A visit to the Pension Office reveals the consequences of this terrible war. The claims for pensions already filed by widows and mothers exceed 150,000. It is anticipated that about half that actually exist have been presented. The claims already audited and allowed amount to about \$12,000,000 per annum. Suppose, then, but half that exist at this time have been presented, it leaves a fair inference that it will require \$25,000,000 per annum to pay our pension roll alone in the years that are to come. In the case of widows the pension ceases if the party marries.

The President has declined to accept Gen. McClelland's resignation and has assigned him to duty. He has been ordered to report to Gen. Banks.

Gov. Brough, of Ohio, recently observed a young officer in the streets of Columbus grossly intoxicated. He telegraphed to the Secretary of War for his removal, and by the time the young man recovered his sobriety he found his commission vacated: nor could the persuasions of influential friends change the determination of the Governor, who declared that, as President of a railroad company, he had made it a rule to dismiss any employe subject to intoxication, and he could not deviate from that rule in a case where the offender was entrusted with the care of men.

The Ladies National Army Relief Association is making great efforts to extend its usefulness. The Executive Committee of New York is composed of Mrs. B. Brown, 415 West 12th street; Mrs. T. C. Brown, 150 West 12th street; Mrs. J. C. Brown, 150 West 12th street; and Dr. B. Brown, 150 West 12th street. The objects of this Association are—1st. To supply this most important agency by an organized corps of good and capable women, to co-operate with surgeons and stewards in the housekeeping arrangements of hospitals, and in the care of the sick and wounded of our army. 2d. To pay the expenses of such as are employed outside of the service not recognized by Government, and give them such support and protection as may be necessary to render them efficient.

Great preparations are being made in New Jersey to render that State's contribution to the great Sanitary Fair about to be held in New York worthy of her ancient reputation. Hoboken is already stirring to do its share in the good work, and a meeting will be held on Friday in Odd-fellows Hall to concert measures to that end. Many popular speakers, both German and American, have promised to attend, and Mayor Elder anticipates the meeting will be one of the largest ever held in Hoboken. Miss Isabella Stevens, the Lady Bountiful of the village, has taken great interest in this most praiseworthy undertaking. A Jersey woman herself, she is jealous of the honor of her State and as usual, when any good work is in progress, she puts her shoulder bravely to the wheel.

Personal.—Fernando Wood was indebted to Mrs. Lincoln for the flowers and Marine Band that added their attractions to his entertainment in Washington last week. Only three Republicans were present, and quite a number of the better class of Democrats stayed away.

Rev. Dr. Tyng, the rector of St. George's church, New York, will visit Europe next spring and make the summer abroad. He makes the journey for the benefit of his health.

Joseph Quincy, of Boston, entered upon his 93d year, on the 4th of February.

Obituary.—Gov. Gamble, of Missouri, died on the 30th January, in St. Louis.

The only child of Gen. Kilpatrick died on the 26th January, at West Point.

The Rev. Mr. Staples, a well-known Unitarian clergyman of Brooklyn, died in that city on the 5th of February. He was universally respected for his learning and piety.

Capt. George Wallack, of the New York Volunteers, nephew of the manager, died on the 2d of February, at Long Branch, after a few days' illness.

Samuel G. Capwell, the eminent steel plate engraver, died in Hudson city, on the 4th of February, aged 38. He was a kind, genial man, and is much regretted by a host of friends.

Accidents and Offices.—On the morning of the 5th of February a fire broke out in Child's Arm Manufactory, Hartford, Conn., which destroyed nearly one-half of the entire building, and inflicting a loss of \$2,000,000.

A mulatto named Daniel Brooks went into a drinking saloon in South street, on the 24 February, in company with two other negroes, and upon William Smith, the barkeeper, refusing to supply them with liquor, Brooks drew a pistol, and shot him, from which wound he died on the 4th. The murderer was arrested.

Harkness, the negro, who shot Kane, an Irishman, who invaded his house, has been acquitted, the evidence plainly showing that he did it in self-defense.

Foreign.—One of the leading doctors of Paris, and a real Court, also, has been making a large fortune by getting the lives of his patients insured and then poisoning them—a very French way of doing business. But he has been found out, and his business is dull.

The Halifax Chronicle says, that what with the expense of watching and guarding the charge of Government officers in collecting the goods shipped out of, warehousing there, &c., and the frequent meeting of the Vice-admiralty Court, there will not be a great deal left of the Chesapeake and cargo to dispute about before long.

The British Government has awarded an annual pension of £70 to Gerald Massey, the poet.

Quite an excitement reigns at Paris among sporting clerks in regard to the fight or fightless, on account of the representations of the Senators, are supposed to be imminent between the two Confederate States, the Florida and Georgia, now lying at Beaufort and Cherbourg, and the Federal gunboats which have been watching them. Bets are being laid, and gentlemen have even gone to the point in question to wait for the fight. But there is no intention of fighting on the part of the Confederate boats, and it is hardly probable that, when they make up their minds to run out, the Federal boats can stop them.

Art, Science and Literature.—Modern science is rapidly making "the desert blossom as the rose." In the great desert of Sahara, in 1860, five Artesian wells had been opened, around which vegetation thrives luxuriantly; 30,000 palm trees and 1,000 fruit trees were planted, and two thriving villages established. At the depth of a little over 500 feet an underground river or lake was struck, and from two of them live fish have been thrown up, showing that there is a large body of water underneath.

The Figaro Programme publishes the following curious details: "Alexandre Dumas the novelist, is no longer paid by the Emperor, but by the Emperor's son, the Prince, who is now being published, is paid for the rate of a centime a letter. We can guarantee the exactness of this fact."

The trial of Bishop Colenso for false and erroneous teaching commenced at Cape Town on the 17th of Nov., before the Metropolitan Bishop and two suffragans.

Thackeray has left each of his daughters £300 a year, besides £5,000 each when they are married. He has no left his mother a comfortable annuity. In addition to these bequests he has left a good house

in Kensington, as a home to all. This is to be sold on the marriage of his daughters and the death of his mother. He has made all this money since 1851.

The public are not generally aware that the valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities, known as Abbott's, is now to be seen at the Historical Society's building, 11th street and 2d avenue. There are also a fine collection of pictures, which renders a visit very agreeable to the lovers of art. Mr. Moore, the librarian, and his obliging assistants deserve the thanks of the dilettanti for their admirable arrangement of these famous curiosities.

A series of lectures has lately been delivered in Hoboken, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of Hoboken Firemen. The last two were upon Bid Books, by John Harvey Lyons, one of the most popular citizens of Hoboken. The other was on the Majesty of Man, by Justice Whitley. They were both very excellent discourses, each displaying the characteristics of its author. Mr. Lyons' lecture was very appropriate, as the position of the young for flash literature is as destructive to mind and morals as candy is to teeth and digestion.

Chit-Chat.—A gentleman, whose wife is away on a visit, protracted long beyond the promised return, writes as follows: "The said that absence conquers love, but the longer you stay away the better I like you." He expects her on the next train.

The Great Barrington Courier describes a picture of Cupid as an archer rather scantily supplied with clothing, engaged in shooting an arrow into a ham which is being roasted in a bonfire.

Ezra Cornell, of Ithaca, N.Y., had an idea that women could do more with their needles if they did less with their tongues, and he promised \$50 to the Soldiers' Aid Society of the village if 12 women could be found who would sew all day without speaking; 15 candidates presented the matter, and, mirabile dictu, 14 of them succeeded in keeping quiet. They were sorely tempted by various lookers-on, but only one yielded. Heroic 14!

The Portland Argus asserts that an old lady who was admiring a beautiful picture called "Saved" remarked: "I'm not wretched that the poor child fainted after pulling that great dog out of the water!"

In Paris, not long since, an artist painted a portrait of Mr. J., who was noted for his frequent "chit-chat." The artist invited the gentleman's friends to see it, and they inspected it and pronounced it excellent. One of them, who was rather penurious, complained of the light, and approached it to change its position, when the artist exclaimed, "Don't touch it; it isn't dry!" "No use looking at it then," replied the gentleman; "it can't be my friend J.—if it isn't dry."

The courteous style of official correspondence which Gen. McClellan cultivated is well illustrated by the closing sentence of one of his letters to Sec. Stanton, dated Savage station, June 28, 1862: "If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army."

It is an interesting fact that the sale of confiscated estates made at Beaufort, S.C., was carried on from the veranda of the Edmund Rhett House, where more than ten years ago the rebellion was brooded over by the very men whose estates now pass under the hammer. It is singular, too, that the Chairman of the Tax Commission, Dr. William Henry Brisbane, is the man who, more than 20 years ago, was driven from the State because he would liberate his slaves.

In 1793 there were four houses where the city of Buffalo—the greatest grain market of the world, with its 100,000 inhabitants—now stands.

Wooden weddings are taking the place of tin weddings. The *Udva Herald* states that one came off there recently, at which the gifts were water-pails, candles, clothespins, bootjacks, washtubs and tin kettles, pots-to-mashers and rat-traps, beefsteak-mauls and matchsafes, sugar-boxes and washboards, wooden trumpets and jumping-jacks, wooden shoes and cord wood, etc.

A writer in *Once a Week* says: "During a residence of some months in Vienna, I never saw a single silver or gold coin of the realm in circulation. You pay your cabman with a dozen serews of greasy paper; you tip the omnibus conductor with a two-penny banknote; you pay the house-porter in the same way if you return home after 10 o'clock; you throw a banknote to the beggar at the church-door! You see the market women counting up their paper-money when their fruitbaskets are emptied; you see the charitable dropping it into the crimson collection-bags in the churches; on every side crop up evidences of the critical state of Austrian finance."

A Washington paper says: "Some surprise is manifested here at the course of British journals in denouncing the comity shown by the United States to the French Government in regard to the exportation of their tobacco. These journals, it is presumed, are not aware that the concession was made at the request of the French Government, supported by the express request of the British Government."

BARNUM ENDORSES OSCANYAN.

MR. BARNUM, in his lecture last Wednesday evening at the Cooper Institute, "How to Make Money," observed that:

"The public will not be humbugged twice. No amount of advertising can deceive them twice. Anything presented to them must be worthy of their patronage, and must possess intrinsic merit. As an apt illustration of this, I am happy to observe among the audience the face of an individual who has shared largely the patronage of the public—I mean Mr. Oscanyan, the justly celebrated Oriental lecturer—(applause) I myself had the pleasure of hearing one of his lectures, and witness his unique and unexceptional illustrations of Eastern characters, and I assure you I was not less delighted than the rest of the audience, because it possessed the charm of novelty, originality and excellence—hence his popularity. Though it is evident that he was not born a showman, yet popular sentiment will lead him to be so. I myself made him a liberal offer, but for some reason or other he declined it. I say this in proof of what I have already observed about public patronage, and its justice to the individual who deserves it fully, though doubtless unexpected by him. (Applause.)"

We find Madame C. Mears still at her residence, 224 Madison avenue, and regret that she has been unable to accept all the patronage offered her, but trust that we shall soon find her with more ample accommodations to receive people. Meantime we congratulate ourselves in having so able and accomplished an instructress among us.

AMBOLINE.—This is an admirable preparation for the hair, composed of perfectly harmless ingredients, and possessing in an eminent degree those peculiar qualities by which the growth of the hair is promoted and its beauty increased. It will always prove beneficial when the scalp requires the application of a gentle stimulant. As it is a compound of Flowers, Roots and Herbs only, so no injury can result from its use. It is put up in larger quantity than any similar article.—*New York Programme.*

CURIOUS FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE POPES.—Of the 258 Popes not one has reigned 25 years; the longest reign is that of Pius VI., which lasted six months of that time. Most of the Popes died before the 14th year; only 10 have exceeded 20 years. Thirty-two occupied the Holy See only one year, and 12 scarcely a month. Pius III. reigned only 27 days.

The man who went for Southern measures has not returned. It is suspected that he may have fallen into one of them.

PARTING.

AN OLD GERMAN FOLK-SONG.

Morrow must I forth from here,
Forth at dawn to-morrow;
All too soon doth morning come,
Seems it wings to borrow.
Home to leave is sad I find,
But my Love to leave behind,
This is saddest sorrow!

When two folks are right good friends,
They will quarrel never;
Sun and moon would first fall out,
Ere such friends would sever.
How much worse is then the smart,
When two loving hearts must part,
Part perhaps for ever.

Kiss thee on the hands or cheeks,
Little breezes playing;
Think that these are signs of mine,
Out strange lands here straying.
Thousands send I daily out,
Which go float the house about,
Where my Love is staying.

MY PLAIN LOVER.

I was a coquette. Many a lover's heart I had lacerated by refusing their offers of marriage after I had lured them on to a "declaration." My last victim's name was James Fraser. He was a tall, awkward, homely and ugly man, but his heart was as true as steel. I respected him highly, and felt pained when I witnessed his anguish at my rejection of him. But the fact was, I had myself fallen in love with Captain Elliott, who had been unrequited in his devotion to me.

Mr. James Fraser warned me against Elliott; but I charged him with jealousy, and took his warnings as an insult.

A few days afterwards Elliott and I were engaged, and my dream of romantic love seemed to be in a fair way of realization. I had a week of happiness. Many have not so much in a lifetime. Many awake from the bright, short dream to find themselves in lifelong darkness, and bondage from which there is no escape. Thank God I was not to be so miserable as they!

My mother was a widow in opulent circumstances, but having a very bad health; she was also of an easy, listless, credulous nature, hating trouble, and willing to take things just as they might happen to present themselves. She therefore made no inquiries about Captain Elliott—but fondly believed that inasmuch as he was a captain he must necessarily be a man of honor also, especially as he had served in the Crimea and in India, and wore medals. His regiment was quartered in our neighborhood, and he had the reputation of being one of the wealthiest, as he was certainly the handsomest, officer in it.

I remember as well as possible the day we became engaged; he was on duty, but had managed to ride over to our house in his uniform, and while we were walking in the garden he made the tender avowal. I referred him to "mamma;" he hastened to her—returned in three minutes—and led me into her presence to receive the assurance that the maternal consent had been readily and freely given! To be sure! My dear mother hated trouble, as I have said—and she moreover loved me tenderly; so that she was well pleased to find a husband presenting himself in a form and manner apparently so eligible for her beloved and only daughter.

Well, a week passed quite delightfully, as I have said; and at the expiration of this brief period there might one forenoon have been seen a gay equestrian party winding through our old Devonshire woods and quiet country roads. Elliott and I led the cavalcade. I rode my own beautiful brown Bess. Captain Elliott was mounted on the handsome black horse that had been sent him from London. Following us was a bevy of merry girls and their cavaliers; and among them was tall, awkward and silent James Fraser. His presence had marred all the pleasure of my ride, and I was glad to be in advance of them all that I might not see him.

And so we rode on through the woods, and I listened, well pleased, to the low but animated words of the gallant Elliott, who wished himself a knight and me a faire ladye of the olden time, that he might go forth to do battle for me, and compel all men to recognise the claims of his peerless love. Very eloquently he spoke of the inspiration of love, of the brave deeds and perilous exploits it had prompted, wishing again and again that he might thus proclaim and maintain his love before the world. It pleased me to listen to this and to believe it sincere, though I surely had no wish to put my lover to such a test.

A hot suddenly rang through the still woods, and a wounded bird, darting past, fluttered and fell at the feet of Brown Bess. With a bound and a spring that nearly unseated me, she was off.

Struggling to regain my seat, I had no power to restrain her; and even as she flew the fear and madness of the moment grew upon her. I could only cling breathlessly to mane and bridle, and wonder helplessly where this mad gallop was to end. I averted from a passing wagon, and turned first to the left and then to the right. In the sudden movement the reins had been torn from my hands and I could not regain them. I clung to the mane and closed my eyes that I might not behold the fate that awaited me. How sweet was life in those precious moments that I thought my last! How all its joys, its affections, its last crowning love rose up before me! I thought of the pang that would rend Elliott's heart as he saw me lying, mangled and dead; and then the thought would come if he were pursuing and trying to save me, even, as he had said, at the risk of life and limb.

I remembered no more. I felt a sudden shock, a fearful rushing through the air, and knew no more until, days afterwards, I awoke to a faint, weak semblance of life in my chamber at home.

I never saw Captain Elliott again. The last words I ever heard from his lips were those of knightly daring. The last act of his life, in connection with mine, was to follow in the train of frightened youth as they rode after me, to contemplate the disaster from afar, and as soon as he saw me lifted from the shaft bed of the river, into which I had been thrown when my frightened horse stopped suddenly on its bank to ride hastily off. That evening he went to make inquiries, and learning that I was severely but it was hoped not fatally injured, he therefor contented himself with such tidings of my condition and improvement as could be gained from mere rumor.

At last it was known that I could never recover entirely from the effects of my injury, and that very day Captain Elliott departed suddenly from the neigh-

borhood. He made no attempt to see me, nor did he say any farewell. When I was once more abroad, and beginning, though with much unalloyed bitterness, to learn the lesson of patience and resignation that awaited me, I received a letter from him, in which he merely said that he presumed my own judgment had taught me that, in my altered circumstances, our engagement must be at an end, but to satisfy his own sense of honor (his honor!) he wrote to say that, while entertaining the highest respect for me, he desired a formal renunciation of my claim.

Writing at the bottom of this letter, "Let it be as you wish." I returned it to him at once, and thus ended my brief dream of a romantic love.

I had heard ere this of Elliott's cowardly conduct on that day; and now I first bethought me to inquire who had rescued me from that imminent death. And then I learned that James Fraser, my arm already broken by the jerk with which Brown Bess tore away from him as he caught at her bridle, had ridden after me and been the first to lift me from the water. Many times daily he made inquiries concerning me; his hand been the hand that sent the rare flowers that decked my room; his were the lips that breathed words of comfort and hope to my poor mother; his were the books I read in my lingering days of convalescence; and his, now, was the arm that supported me as, slowly and painfully, I paced the garden walks.

I have seen his wife for many a year. I have forgotten that he is not handsome—or rather he is beautiful to me, because I see his grand and loving spirit shining through his plain features and animating his awkward figure. I have long since laid aside, as utterly unfeeling, my pet theory, that beautiful spirits dwell only in lovely bodies. It may be a providential compensation that, in denying physical perfection, the soul is not dwarfed or distorted, but shines the brighter that it is not marred by petty vanity or love of the world's praise.

FOREIGNERS AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE English language must appear fearfully and wonderfully made to a foreigner. One of them, looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said:

"See what a flock of ships!"

He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that "a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of portridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gent-folks is called the elite, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals are called the roughs, and the miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the community or the public, according as they are spoken of by the religious community or secular people."

Now, again, the Hudson River is fast when the ice is immoveable, and then the ice disappears very fast, for it was loose. A clock is called fast when it is quicker than time; but a man is told to stand fast when he is desired to remain stationary. Peep fast when they have nothing to eat, and eat fast, consequently, when opportunity offers."

A story is told of a German who attempted to court in English, with the aid of a dictionary. Having obtained an interview with an English lady who, having recently lost her husband, must be open to new offers, he opened the business thus:

"Highborn madam, since your husband have kicked de bucket—"

"Sir!" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased.

"Oh, pardon—nine, ten thousand pardon! Now I make new beginning—quite another beginning. Madam, since your husband have cut his stick—"

It may be supposed that this is not much matters; and reading as much in the lady's countenance, he said, perspiring with shame at having a second time missed fire:

"Madam, since your husband has gone to kingdom come—"

This he said beseechingly, but the lady was past propitiation by this time, and rapidly moved toward the door. Taking a last hurried look at his dictionary, the German flew after the lady, crying out in a voice of despair:

"Madam, since your husband, your most respected husband, have hopped de twig—"

This was his she-tanchor, and as this also "came home," of course the poor man was totally wrecked. It turned out that the dictionary he had used had put down the verb *sterben* (to die) with the following worshipping series of equivalents:

1. To kick the bucket.
2. To cut one's stick.
3. To go to kingdom come.
4. To hop the twig; to hop off the perch into Davy's locker.

A French translator of Cooper's "Spy," in which it will be remembered the residence of the Wharton family is called "The Locusts," found the term rendered in his dictionary, "Les Sauterelles"—The Grasshoppers! But in one place one of the dragons is represented as tying his horse to one of the locusts in the lawn. The translator, taking it for granted that American grasshoppers are at best of gigantic dimensions, greatly informs his readers that the dragon fastened the bridle of his charger to a huge grasshopper standing before the door for that purpose.

A French gentleman, who was caring for a dog one day, remarked, "I love de dogs, de cats, de sheep, de pigs, in short anything vat is beastly."

"I course, we make so funny mistakes in other languages, if we only knew it."

Miss Black is well known, and is supposed to say: "Many very queer things in a very queer way; But of all our mistakes, the absurd and oddest occurred when she called a French *modeste* modest."

NORTH CAROLINA LEGISLATION.

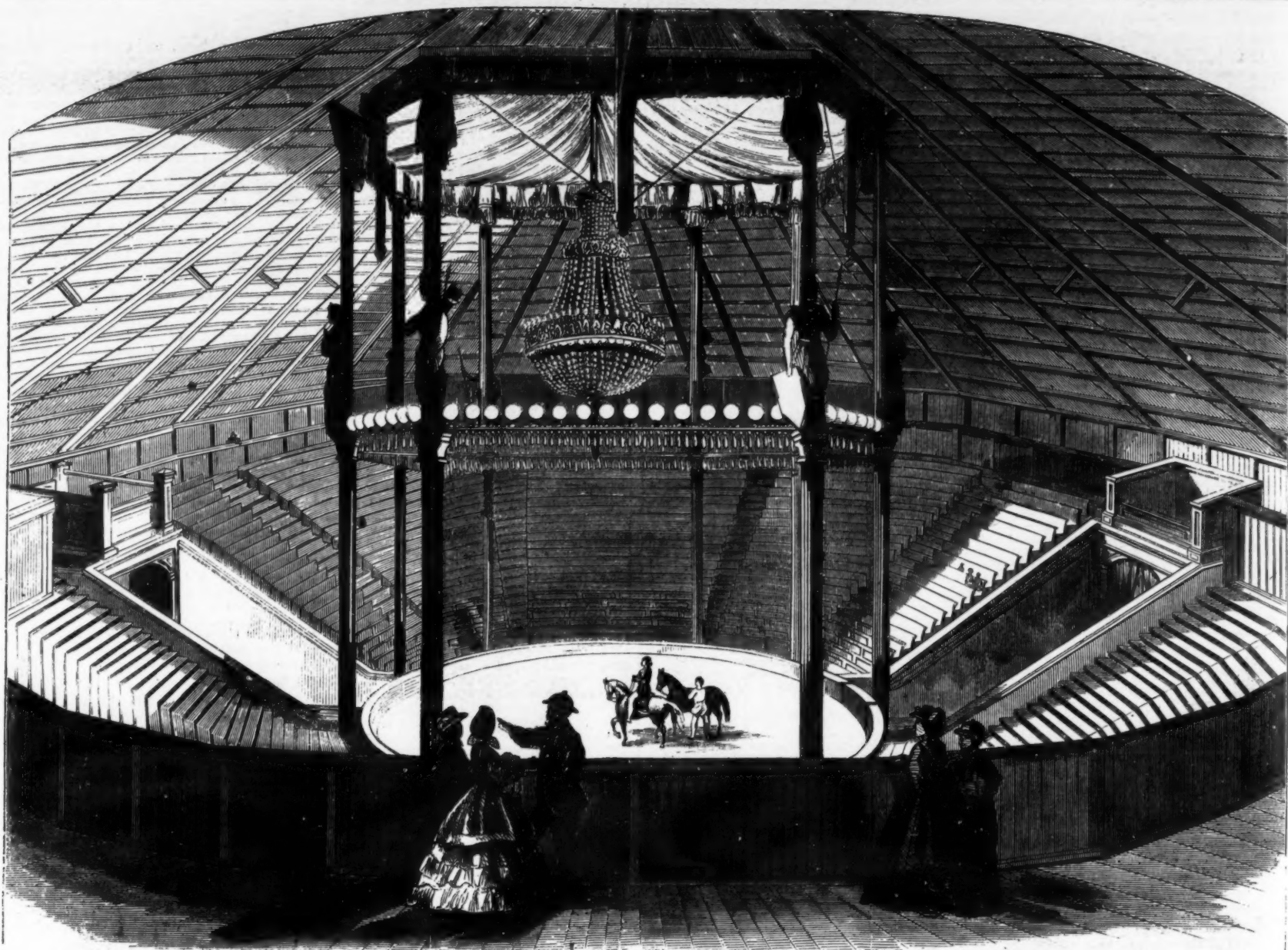
A LIST of bills taken up in the Legislature of North Carolina is suggestive:

A bill to amend an act authorizing the Governor to employ slaves on fortifications; imposes a fine on owners for not furnishing them with arms or ammunition. The bill to tax Exports companies \$500 in each county was taken up. Mr. Hicks said he wanted the tax put up so as to exclude the concern from the State.

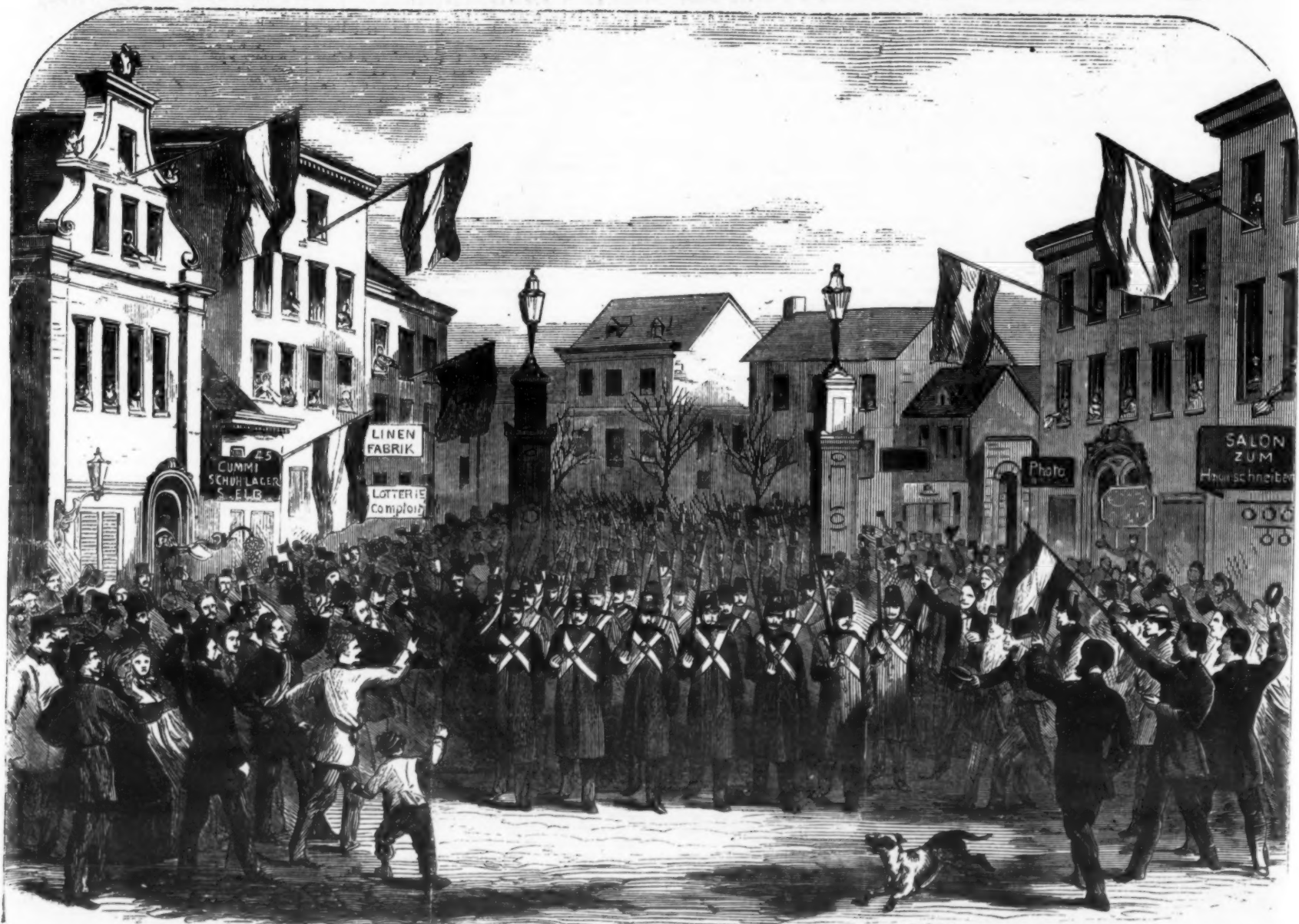
A bill to prevent aliens from trafficking or trading in this State.

Mr. Ellis thought the speculating foreigners should either be put in the army or out of the country.

However, we must give North Carolina the credit of one great act in this line these. Among the bills on their third reading is: "A bill for the establishment of graded schools in North Carolina." If, after this, the State is tolerated in the Confederacy, we cannot understand it.



THE HIPPODROME AND NEW YORK CIRQUE, FOURTEENTH STREET, OPPOSITE THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, N. Y.



THE DANISH-GERMAN WAR—ENTRY OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS INTO ALTONA, BY THE NOBIS THOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMERICAN RESIDENT.

OH! WILL THEY HEAR OF THIS AT HOME?

THE battle trembled in the scale!
Charge followed charge through smoke
and fire.

Strong men stood deathly still and pale,
To see the rebel lines grow nigher!
Our colonel, brave as brave could be,
Rode down our line through showers of
flame,
And shouted, "Comrades, will you see
Your well-worn colors blush with shame?"

His voice closed up the broken line,
And from our ranks a stripling flew,
He said, "The task alone be mine
To plant our honored flag anew!"
Then with a cheer he sped away,
He seemed to spurn the ground beneath,
And like a hunted stag at bay,
He waved it in the traitors' teeth.

A storm of bullets round him rained,
As with a shout we onward pressed,
But ere our patriot guide we gained
The lifeblood stained his gallant breast.
We raised him from the shell-ploughed sod,
His white lips full with bloody foam,
And heard amid his prayers to God,
"Oh! will they hear of this at home?"

A MIDNIGHT RACE
On the Mississippi.

"GOOD-BYE, Harry! Good-bye, Frank!
Take care of yourselves, and try to bring old
Thompson to terms. Leave of absence two weeks
sharp. Don't forget."

And as the kind old merchant uttered this
parting injunction the huge steamboat, with her
living freight, moved slowly through the crowd of
floating palaces that environs the levee of St.
Louis.

A long standing debt in Memphis, which the firm
thought would require the skill of its two most
diplomatic clerks to collect, brought us both from
the dust of the counting-room on the bosom of the
Mississippi. Leaning over the bulwark I watched
the busy levee recede in the distance,
until a slap on the shoulder and Frank's cheery
voice aroused me.

"Hallo, mate! what attractions has the old
Father of Waters' muddy face, or what griefs do
you endure, torn away from your beloved ledger
and journal, that you won't condescend to notice
your fellow-passengers?"

"Why, have you met any acquaintance on
board?" I asked.

"Yes. I have made better use of my eyes than
you. You know my cousin, Nellie, that I intro-
duced you to at the last ball?"

"Oh! I remember. A little fairy with sunny
curls and laughing eyes, a compendium of all
kinds of mischief; a regular——"

"Spare yourself the rest, Mr. Weldon," inter-
rupted the individual in question, emerging from
the cabin behind me; "thank you for that flattering
description and enviable character."

"Oh! pardon me," I replied, with a howl, while
Frank burst out laughing; "the mischief I referred
to consists of the havoc made among tender hearts
by those charming attributes I mentioned."

"Saved by a close shave," cried my mischievous
companion; "of course yours and mine included.
But, say, Harry, my cousin here with the sunny
curls, &c., is going to Memphis. Now, suppose
we constitute ourselves her guardians, ready to
annihilate any reasonable number of men who
may venture to insinuate by thought, word or
deed that she's not the prettiest girl in Uncle Sam's
dominions."

"Fully endorsed by me; and for my part I shall
be most happy to receive the precious consignment."

"Even if it is a compendium of mischief, and a
regular——. Well, then, I hereby consign and
entrust myself to your care, and look out for
Uncle Nathan if you suffer any one to spirit away
his precious niece."

"I'll insure you, lady of the sunny curls and
laughing eyes," said the irrepressible Frank,
"against all dangers visible and invisible, except
my grave friend there, who is a very, very dan-
gerous customer, quiet as he looks. But there is the



HON. E. G. SQUIER, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER TO PERU.

gong, Miss Nellie, and, as one of your constituted
guardians, allow me to call your attention to that
most important duty of the day—our dinner."

Nellie Hyatt was a complete antidote against
care or ennui, and in her society time flew fast.

After she retired to her stateroom Frank tried
to ingratiate himself with two elderly females,
hailing from the classical regions of Arkansas. He
succeeded very well for some time, but while
endeavoring to convince them that they were
perfect specimens of female loveliness, received an
intimation in no dulcet tone, "to shut up and stop
chattering like a monkey in a cage."

At this delicate hint, and certain belligerent
demonstrations of the backwoods beauties, we
arose and went forward to the clerk's office, to
take a look at the male portion of our fellow-
passengers.

Around the table near the bar were a number of
men, as usual, playing cards. Among them was
the unmistakable face of that vilest of all harpies,
the Mississippi gambler.

What an enigma is man!

Who would think that venerable old gentleman
opposite, with his Puritanic face and clerical dress,

or the innocent, baby-faced rustic beside him, were
professional blacklegs and sharpers?

Yet watch their countenances well for a few
minutes, and in spite of their schooled features a
gleam of their real character will ever and anon
betray itself. One of them looked up.

I started involuntarily, for I knew the meaning
of his fierce scowl when our eyes met.

Some years before he was a confidential clerk in
the St. Louis firm of ———, where I was then em-
ployed. Notwithstanding his long connection with
the firm and their trust in him, yet as soon as I
laid eyes on him I disliked and suspected him.
Certain mysterious disappearances of cheques and
unaccountable increase of bills payable made me
watch him closely, and after months of patient
vigilance, which even a detective might envy, I
found that my estimate of his character was correct,
and placed the proofs thereof in the hands of the
authorities.

Well, Jonas Oakley was accommodated with State
lodgings, and allowed sufficient time to ruminate on
the evil of his ways in the Penitentiary. He was a
sullen, hard-looking fellow, and although I feared
him not, yet I felt a natural chill at the heart when

his dark, evil eye glared up from the table at me.
Whispering to Frank, I brought him up on the
hurricane deck, to escape the undesirable company
below. The setting sun just sank below the trees
when we passed the little village or landing of St.
Genevieve.

The air was unnaturally still and close, and the
progressive motion of the boat failed to create the
faintest breeze.

From the wharf of St. Genevieve a boat was
heading down the river as we passed, and as she
pushed out further from shore we recognised her
at once. It was the renowned Hiawatha, of Mem-
phis, an opposition boat, and reputed the fastest
on the river.

Knowing the rivalry existing between both com-
panies, I remarked to Frank that we were in for a
race. The captain's voice shouting to the engineer,
"to clap on more steam, and show those Memphis
fellows what legs the old Ben Lewis had!" con-
firmed my conjecture.

An angry puff of steam as a challenge, and the
increased speed of the boat as an answer, quickly
brought out the passengers until the decks were
crowded with eager spectators.

As we ran past, a challenge, in the peculiar
dialect of the Mississippi, with the usual amount
of oaths, passed between the captains on the *tenas*
of their respective boats. A deep gloom below us
on the river, and the ominous stillness of the air,
broken at intervals by the distant moan of the
wind, foreboded one of those sudden tornadoes so
frequent on the Western rivers.

Rounding the next bend, we came in sight of
the picturesque town of Cape Girardeau, on the
first Chickasaw bluff. Both boats simultaneously
directed their course to the wharf boat, to shelter
themselves from the tornado, which we now plainly
heard crashing its way through the Missouri woods.
Scarcely had they done so when it swept across the
river immediately below us, and amid the pitchy
darkness that ensued we heard the crash of trees
and unearthly shrieks of the wind in its mad
career.

Had it crossed the river higher up, no one could
calculate the consequences to town or boats, for
destruction marks the path of a Western tornado.
As it was, even on the outskirts, our boat trembled
violently, and the tall chimneys shook and strained
at their iron stays.

But the storm was soon over, and it left a refresh-
ing breeze that the former stifling air made us ap-
preciate. The boats were delayed at Cape Girardeau,
taking in freight, until far in the night.



Fate of the Mississippi Steamer.

Nellie, Frank and I strolled up on the bluff and
visited the beautiful little college at the south side
of the town. We returned by a narrow street that
led down to the wharf and was destitute of houses,
except a few drinking-saloons near the river. I
noticed, as we passed one of these, a fellow, whose
features were concealed beneath a slouched hat,
follow us with a noiseless, catlike tread that I didn't
like. Telling my companions to walk on faster, I
fell back a little and confronted the intruder, when
I thought he had overtaken me. Well for me I
turned in time. The glare of a lamp from one of
the saloons near us fell on the features of Oakley,
as, with uplifted knife, he stood beside me.

"Well met, Harry Weldon! Have you forgot-
ten an old acquaintance? If you have, then by—
I have not, and I have an old score, and a long one
too, to settle with you this very night. It's owing
long enough."

I caught the descending arm by the wrist, and
calling for assistance—I had left my revolver in my
stateroom—I struggled desperately with him for
the knife. How long the contest would have con-
tinued was not a difficult matter to decide, for he
was my superior in physical strength; but it was
suddenly terminated by a gentle tap on my adver-
sary's pericranium from Frank's loaded cane, and
he lay stunned at my feet. Leaving him to pick
himself up the best way he could, we hastened on
board, to avoid the attentions of any of Oakley's
ruffian friends. Half an hour after we started.

As the boats moved out together in the stream,
the captains seemed by no means forgetful of the
trial of speed interrupted by the storm, and soon
we were cleaving the dark waters at maximum
speed.

I can conceive no grander or more exciting sight
than these two monster antagonists, rushing
through the pitchy darkness, side by side, the
flames leaping over and over, high above the tall
chimneys, and the woods resounding with the
strokes of the ponderous machinery.

The hurricane and cabin decks were crowded



The Assassin foiled.

with passengers, cheering, fighting, betting, with all their attention given to the exciting scene.

Nellie, who sat with us outside her stateroom, got alarmed at the violent jarring of the boats, and although we tried to laugh off her fears, I felt secret misgivings myself, knowing the recklessness of many of the Mississippi captains and engineers. I excused myself for a short absence, and leaving my companions, descended the gangway to the lower deck.

The sight there was not qualified to allay my apprehensions. The fire, fed by nearly the entire force of firemen, roared like the tornado, the boiler trembled beneath the tremendous force of the imprisoned giant, and the engineer, eager only for victory, seemed to disregard the warning hand that indicated an alarming increase of power on the dial before him.

I hurried up to my companions, and noticing a lifebelt hung over the gangway, I took it with me almost instinctively. Although I tried to laugh away Nellie's fears, yet Frank saw by my restless manner and uneasiness that something was the matter.

"What's the matter, Mr. Weldon?" said Nellie, with an anxious tremor in her voice, "and what's that you have in your hand?"

"An article I want to show you how to use in case you should ever need it."

"Oh! a lifebelt! But is there any danger?"

"Oh, no! but it is always better to know how to save yourself if ever you should be in danger on a steamboat."

"Thank God!" cried Frank, springing up, and pointing to a distant light to the left of us, "there's the lights of Cairo, and the race is nearly at an end."

"In a few minutes more we shall take leave of our friends yonder," I answered, pointing to the Hiawatha ahead, "and then, Miss Nellie, you may dismiss your fears."

Rounding the point of Illinois, washed alike by the Ohio and Mississippi, we neared the Cairo wharfboat, and our rival continued her course with unabated speed down the Mississippi.

"There's the St. Charles and the Illinois Central," said Frank, as we passed them, "and see, yonder is—"

The rest of his speech was drowned in a crash beneath us like an earthquake; the entire deck heaved but once; I threw the lifebelt around Nellie, and the next instant was struggling in the dark waters of the Ohio amidst a perfect Pandemonium of cries, groans and other deafening noises.

The hissing giant below had burst in one bound from his metal prison, and converted the stately Ben Lewis into a blazing wreck.

The plunge of huge fragments of the cabin beside me, and the vision of the tall chimneys, like comets, in the air above me, succeeded, and for some moments I could not collect my senses farther than instinctively clutching a passing spar. When I opened my eyes and recovered partially from my sudden immersion, I looked round anxiously for my late companions.

The white face of Nellie rose beside me, and as the lifebelt, though small, buoyed her up, I tried to cheer her with the hope of speedy rescue.

The levee was soon crowded, and skiffs, dugouts, rafts and crafts of every description were on their way towards the numerous forms struggling in the Ohio.

The burning hull now drifted by, covered with people running to and fro in the flames; evidently afraid to commit themselves to the more merciful river. The gleam thrown across the waters by the blazing wreck reached us, when a skiff shot into relief from the darkness beyond, and I felt my collar grasped by a stout arm.

Calling to the sturdy occupant to attend first to my companion, I helped her into the boat and swam around to the stern to get in myself. Suddenly a pair of arms encircled my neck, and as I turned round a sickly feeling of terror came over me when the features of Oakley, distorted by every hellish passion, rose up beside me.

"Met again, Harry Weldon, never to part! We'll find the catfish together to-night at the bottom of the Ohio!"

I clung with both hands to the stern of the skiff; I felt my breath leaving me and my throat writhe beneath the iron pressure of his fingers; I saw the uplifted oar of the boatman and heard his exclamation, "Oakley, by—"; then followed a shriek from Nellie, a loosening of the fingers round my throat, and consciousness forsook me.

When it returned I found myself on the levee, supported by Frank and the boatman that saved me, and as my eyes wandered from one object to another it seemed as if I was in some frightful dream.

The glare of a passing torch fell on a body just dragged from the river, and I relapsed into insensibility when I recognised the features of Oakley, now scarcely discernible with blood and a hideous wound that almost divided his skull.

RAGS.—It is a curious fact that nearly two thirds of the rags annually imported into the United States from all foreign countries come from Italy. The circumstance is due to two causes. 1st. Italy is in fact the receptacle of all the old rags in the Levant. The Turks, the Greeks and Syrians use vast quantities of cheap cotton cloth; and the Archipelago and the whole Levant is swept by Greek and Italian coasting smacks, about the size of boats that bring clams to Hartford, who trade for rags which country pedlars collect. These rags ultimately get to Genoa, Trieste, &c., and are shipped to America. 2d. There being no free press and few books printed, there is no home demand to work the rags up into paper. The population can neither read nor write, and of course epistolary correspondence is rare. No country where the mass of the population read and write can afford to export rags. Hence rags and custom-house returns yield a clue to the actual state of society.

ONE of our Southern exchanges announces, with considerable flourish, that the editor has a fine boy, a promising son, whom he hopes may live to inherit the fortune his father makes by publishing a newspaper.

DAYDREAMS.

BY JULIE LEONARD.

Far from the sound of distant rushing battle,
Far from that sound!
Yet do I dream of life and drumbeat's rattle
Over the ground;
Seeing the starry flag its folds out-flinging
Upon the breeze,
Hearing the sound of martial voices ringing
Among the trees.
The clattering tramp of many chargers prancing
That heavy tread;
The glittering light of shining bayonets glancing
Above the dead.
The shouts, the shriek, the groans of deadly anguish
Break on the ear;
While on the upturned face of dead and dying
The sun shines clear.
I do not love to read the dark dim future,
Even in dreams;
Above the cloud that lowers o'er our country
The light still gleams.
And in the hand of Him who yet reigns o'er us
I rest in peace,
Trusting that in no distant time before us
This war will cease.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

He did not notice the red flame that shot up to her cheek, or the shrinking of her whole frame, but went on.

"The child is so precious to me. The dearest human being I have on earth—" He hesitated a moment, and added, "Except—except you, my wife."

She was grateful even for this. Was it that she was conscious of deserving nothing more, or did, in the hungry yearning of her heart, seize on this sweet aliment with thankfulness after the famine of her recent life?

He saw the tears spring into her eyes, and drew her closer to his side.

"Be careful of her for my sake, Elizabeth. She was given me in solemn charge at my mother's death-bed. She has been the sweetest solace of my barren life. Let no harm come near her—no evil thing taint the mind which I leave in your hands pure as snow. Guard her, love her, and give her back to me, gentle, guileless, and good, as she lies now, in the sweetest and most innocent sleep I ever witnessed."

"I will! I will!" answered Elizabeth, conquering a sharp spasm of pain with the spirit of a martyr. "If human care, or any sacrifice can insure her welfare, I will not be found wanting."

Grantley bent down and kissed his wife gratefully. "Remember, Elizabeth, my happiness and honor are left in your keeping."

Did he mean that honor and happiness both were bound up in Elsie, or had he really thought of her rightful share in his life?

This question flashed through the young wife's mind, but she would not accept it in a bitter sense then. The parting hour was close at hand. She trembled as each moment left them.

"I will be kind to Elsie as you can desire; indeed I will," she said. "You can trust me."

"If I doubted that, harassing as the voyage is, I would take her with me."

"Oh, if you only could take us both! It terrifies me to be left alone, surrounded with—"

"That is out of the question now. But when I come back, we will try and make this life of ours happier than it has been."

She looked at him—her great, mournful eyes widening with pain.

"Have you been very unhappy, then, Grantley," she faltered.

"Unhappy! I did not say that; but hereafter our bliss must be more perfect. We shall understand each other better."

"Shall we—shall we ever? Oh, Grantley, without love what perfect understanding can exist?" Her fine eyes were flooded with tears; every feature in her face quivered with emotion.

A clock on the mantle-piece chimed out the hour of his departure. On the instant Dolf knocked at the door.

Elizabeth started up, trembling like a wounded bird that struggles away from a second shot.

"So soon! so soon!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I had so much to ask; every thing to say, and now there is no time."

Grantley took her in his arms, and kissed her very hurriedly, for the servant was standing in sight.

"God bless you, Elizabeth, I must go!" She flung her arms wildly around him. Her pale face was lifted to his in mute appeal. Was it for pardon of some unknown offense, or the deep moving of a true heart for love?

Grantley put her away, and went hurriedly into Elsie's room. He came out pale and troubled. Elizabeth stood by the door gasping for breath; he wrung the hand she held forth to stop him, and was gone. She heard his steps as they went down the walnut-staircase, and they fell upon her like distinct blows. The great hall-door closed with a sharp noise, that made her start and almost cry out. Then came the sound of carriage-wheels grinding through gravel, and the beat of hoofs that seemed trampling down the heart in her bosom. As these sounds died off, she attempted to reach the window and look out, but only reached the couch which stood near it, sunk down, and fainted without a moan.

CHAPTER X.

A DAY or two after Mellen's departure Elizabeth, who was taking her solitary promenade on the verandah, was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Harrington, who came fluttering across the lawn between two gentlemen, with whom she seemed carrying on a right and left flirtation as she walked. She came up the steps with her innumerable flounces all in commotion, and her face wreathed with insipid smiles.

"I knew that you would be moping yourself to death," she cried, floating down upon Elizabeth with both hands extended; "so I gave up everything and came down in the train. Now do acknowledge that I am the kindest friend in the world."

Elizabeth made an effort to receive her cordially, and with a great effort shook off the gloomy thoughts that had oppressed her all the morning. Mrs. Harrington did not heed this, she was always ready to welcome herself and in haste to secure her full share of the conversation, and before Elizabeth could finish her rather halting attempts at a compliment she presented her companions.

Elizabeth had hardly glanced at the gentlemen till then, but now she recognised the elder and more stately of the two as the person who had probably saved her life on the Bloomingdale road.

"I need not ask a welcome for this gentleman, I am sure," said Mrs. Harrington, clasping both hands over Mr. North's arm, and leaning coquettishly upon him. He is our preserver, Mrs. Mellen, our hero."

North smiled, but rejected these compliments with an impatient lift of the head.

"Pray allow Mrs. Mellen to forget that this is not our first meeting," he said; "so small a service is not worth mentioning."

He looked steadily at Elizabeth as he spoke. She seemed to shrink into herself, and only faltered out:

"No, no; it was a service I can never forget—never hope to repay."

"Now let me beg a welcome for my other friend," interposed Mrs. Harrington, "Mr. Hawkins. I told him it was quite a charity to come with me and rouse you up a little, because he is dying to see your lovely sister-in-law."

Mr. Hawkins, a very young man, was leaning against a pillar of the verandah in an attitude which displayed his very stylish dress to the best possible advantage. He appeared mildly conscious that he had performed a solemn duty in making a perambulating tailor's block of himself, and ready to receive any amount of feminine admiration without resistance. He came forward half a step and fell back again.

"Such a charming place you have here—quite a paradise," he drawled, caressing the head of his cane, which was constantly between his lips. "I trust—aw—the other angel of this retreat is visible?"

Elizabeth replied with a little shudder and a faint smile. She had borne a good many similar afflictions from Mrs. Harrington's friends, but it was too much that they should be forced upon her just then.

"Where is Elsie?" cried the widow, in her vivacious way, shaking her gay plumage like a peacock in the sun.

"In her own room," replied Elizabeth. "Pray walk in, and I will call her."

"Oh, never mind, I'll go!" said Mrs. Harrington. "Gentlemen, I leave you with Mrs. Mellen; but no flirtation, remember that!"

She giggled and fluttered, while the very young man said "Aw" and North seemed absorbed in the scenery. Then away she flew, kissing her hand to them, and leaving Elizabeth to gather up her weary thoughts and make an effort at entertaining these unwelcome guests.

Mrs. Harrington found Elsie yawning over a new novel, and quite prepared to be enlivened by the prospect of company.

"But I can't go down such a figure," she said; "just wait a minute. One gets so careless in a house without gentlemen."

"Poor dear! I am sure you are moped."

"Oh, to death. It's dreadful!" sighed Elsie. "I feel things so acutely. If I only had a little of Bessie's stoicism!"

"Yes, it's all very well; but you are made up of feeling," said the widow. "Change your dress, dear. Oh, you've made a conquest of a certain gentleman."

"What, that Hawkins! He's a perfect idiot!" cried Elsie. "But he'll do for want of a better."

She had quite forgotten her low spirits, dressed herself in the most becoming morning attire possible, and floated down to greet the guests and quite bewilder them with her loveliness. Hawkins had been mortally afraid of Mrs. Mellen, but with Elsie he could talk, and Elizabeth sat quite stunned by the flood of frivolous nonsense and the peals of senseless laughter which went on about her.

She managed to escape for awhile, on the plea that household duties required her presence, and stole up to her room for a little quiet. While she sat there she heard Tom Fuller's voice in the hall; she opened her dressing-room door, and there he stood in his usual disordered state.

"I've come to say good-bye," were his first words.

"Then you are really going, Tom?" she said, sorrowfully, taking his hand and leading him into the chamber.

"Yes, I'm off to-morrow," he said, resolutely, running his hands through his hair and trying to keep his courage up. "A trip to Europe is a splendid thing, Bess—I'm a lucky fellow to get it."

"I shall be all alone," she said, mournfully.

"Oh," cried Tom, it's good of you to miss me—nobody else will! But there, Bessie, don't you set me off! I wanted to bid you good-bye—I—I—well, I'm a confounded fool, but I thought I'd like to see her just once more."

"And those tiresome people are here," said Elizabeth.

"Who do you mean?"

"Oh, Mrs. Harrington and two men she has brought to spend the day—one of them is the person who checked our horses that day."

"I thought I heard the widow's pipe as I came through the hall," said Tom. "Well, well, it's better so! You see I don't want to make a goney of myself."

"Tom, you are the best creature in the world," cried Elizabeth.

"Oh, Lord bless you, no," said Tom, rubbing his forehead in a disconsolate way; "I ain't good a bit! 'Pon my word, I'm quite shocked lately to see what an envious, bad-hearted old toad I'm getting to be."

"We won't go downstairs yet," said Elizabeth; "sit down here and let's have a comfortable talk, like old times, Tom."

"Well, no, I guess not, thank you—it's very kind of you," returned he, getting very red. "You see I can't stay but an hour—I must take the next train, for I've lots of things to do."

"Oh, I thought you would spend the day."

"Now, don't ask me—I can't—it wouldn't be wise if I could," cried Tom, giving his hair an unmerciful combing with his fingers.

"No," she replied, pityingly; "perhaps not. And you would like to go downstairs?"

"I'm a fool to wish it," he groaned; "those fine people will only laugh at me, and I know when I see that magnifico and his pop-jay friend about Elsie I shall want to wring their conical necks. But I'll go—oh, it's no use telling lies! You understand just what a fool I am—I came because I feel as if I must see her once more!"

Tom was twisting his hat in hands, his features worked in a dreadful way in the attempt he made to control his agitation; but Elizabeth loved him too well for any notice of his odd manner—she was entirely absorbed in sympathy for his trouble.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she said, "I do hope absence—the change—will do you good."

"Yes," he broke in, with a strangled whistle that began as a groan; "yes, of course, thank you—oh, no doubt! You see, there's no knowing what good may come. But Lord bless you, Bess, if the old ship would only sink and land me safe as many fathoms under salt water as was convenient, it would be about the best thing that could happen to me."

"Don't talk so, Tom; you don't know how you pain me."

"Well, I won't—there, I'm all right now! Tirol-de-rol!" and Tom actually tried to sing. "I say, Bessie, she never—she don't seem, you know—"

"What, Tom?"

"To be sorry I was going, you know?"

"Elsie? She has been so engrossed with her brother's journey—"

"Yes, of course," Tom broke in; "oh, it's not to be expected—nobody that wasn't a flounder ever would have asked! Ri-tol-de-rol! I'm a little hearse this morning, but it's no matter—I only want to show I'm not put about, you know—that is, no much."

He shuffled uneasily about the chamber, upset light chairs and committed disasters generally; but all the while he looked as resolute as possible, and kept up his attempt at a song in a mournful quaver.

"Well, I can't stay," he said; "I mustn't lose the train! Now, don't feel uncomfortable, Bessie; Lord bless you, I shall soon be all right—seasickness is good for my disease, you know," and Tom tried to laugh, but it was a dismal failure compared with his former lightheartedness.

Elizabeth saw that he was restless to get once more into Elsie's presence, painful as the interview must be to him, so she smoothed his hair, straightened his necktie and led him downstairs.

"Oh, you dear, delightful Tom Fuller!" cried Mrs. Harrington, pleased to see any masculine arrive, for Elsie had carried off both her victims into the window-seat, and was making them dizzy with her smiles and brilliant nonsense.

"I—I'm delighted to see you," cried Tom, frantically, thrusting his hat in her face, in a wild delusion that he was offering his hand, so upset by the sight of Elsie that he felt as if rapidly going up in an unmanageable balloon.

"I'll just say good-bye at the same time," pursued Tom; "for I'm rather in a hurry, thank you."

"Why, you're not going away directly!" cried the widow. "Oh, you must stay and entertain me."

"Thank you; it's of no importance; I'm not quite on my sear legs yet," gasped Tom, growing so dizzy that he was possessed of a mad idea he was already on shipboard.

"Why, you look quite white and ill," said the widow.

"Yes; oh, not any, thank you," cried Tom, with an insane attempt at a giggle, stepping on the widow's dress, dancing off it and dealing Elizabeth a blow with his hat.

Mrs. Mellen felt herself grow sick at heart; she glanced at Elsie; the girl was laughing gaily, and chatting away with young Hawkins, regardless of Tom's presence. North stood by, looking at her with his deep, earnest eyes, as if searching her character in all its shallow depths. Elizabeth felt bitterly indignant, and exclaimed—

"Elsie, my cousin has come to wish us good-bye, if you can spare him a moment."

"So you are really going?" called Elsie. "You oughtn't to run away so. It's so unkind of you."

Tom spun round like a teetotum, and only preserved his balance by a miracle.

"My lap is so full of flowers," cried Elsie, glancing down at a mass of roses that glowed in the folds of her morning dress, "I can't possibly get up; come and shake hands with me."

It was well for Tom that Mrs. Harrington seized

hold of him, and afforded him a few instants to regain his composure, while she asked all sorts of questions about his journey and its object.

"Mary Harrington," said Elsie, "just let Mr. Fuller come here; you mustn't assault peaceable men in that way."

"La, dear, what odd things you do say! I was just talking with Mr. Fuller about his journey."

Elsie glanced at North and whispered to his companion, who tittered in a very polite way. Tom knew it was at him, and grew more awkward and insane. Elizabeth recognised the silly insult, and darted a look of such indignation towards the offender that the youth was quite subdued, although it had no effect whatever on Elsie.

She rose, dropping her flowers over the carpet, as she did so, put her hand in Mr. North's arm, left Hawkins to follow, and caress his cane in peace, and moved towards the group.

Good-bye, Tom Fuller," said she, touching his shoulder with the tips of her fingers. "If you bring me a beautiful lava bracelet perhaps I'll forgive you for going away, and some pink coral, don't forget."

Tom was a sight to behold between his confusion, his distress and his superhuman efforts to be calm.

"I'll bring you twenty," said he, recklessly.

"Oh, that would be overpowering," laughed Elsie. "Good-bye. I'm sure you'll look very odd when you are seasick."

"He! he!" giggled Hawkins, as well as he could for the cane.

Tom turned on him like a tiger.

"You'll ruin your digestion if you laugh so much while eating," said he, and for once Tom had the laugh on his side.

"Good-bye, Miss Elsie," he continued, determined to get away while he could still preserve a decent show of composure; "good-bye."

"Good-bye, Tom Fuller, good-bye!"

She flung some of the flowers she was holding at him, Tom caught them and rushed out of the room, pressing the fragrant blossoms against his waistcoat, and smothering a mortal pang.

Elizabeth followed him into the hall, but their parting was a brief one, spoken amid bursts of laughter from within, which neither noticed them.

"Good-bye, Bessie—God bless you."

"You'll write to me, Tom? I shall miss you so."

"Oh, don't; it ain't worth while! I'll write of course; good-bye."

Tom dashed down the steps and fled along the avenue in mad haste, and Elizabeth returned to her guests.

It seemed to her that the day would never come to an end. Mrs. Harrington and Elsie scarcely heeded her, but fluttered from room to room with the two guests, doing the honors with great spirit, and urging them to remain some days. Elizabeth was offended at the reckless offer of hospitality. Elsie saw this and whispered, "It wasn't my fault; don't blame me, dear! Grant is gone, and if you are cross I shall die."

So Elizabeth controlled herself; perhaps the girl had done all this harm unconsciously. She must believe so, at least; no cloud must come between them and her vow. These almost strange men were invited, and must remain if they so decided.

As if she had not enough to bear already, Elizabeth's inflections were increased towards the dinner hour by the arrival of a Mr. Rhodes and his daughter, who lived at a easy distance, and had thought it a neighborly and kind thing for them to drop into dinner with Mrs. Mellen, and console her in her loneliness.

THE ROSE'S DEATH.

When the west is burnt away,
All but one long crimson ray;
When the warm dew on the vine
Is distilled to fairy wine;
When the birds sleep in their nest,
And the cattle, brooding, rest;
When night looms in darkening sky,—
Then the rose prepares to die.

When the flowers have fairy dreams,
And white moths flit o'er glooming streams;
When elm branches sway and feather,
Boding of rude autumn weather;
When the gambols are quite done
Of all the children of the sun,
And a hush comes on the mirth
Of all creatures of this earth;
When that gold light quits the sky—
Then the rose prepares to die.

WHAT CAME OF A VALENTINE.

By Charles F. Preston.

On the evening of the 13th of February, 1850, two young men sat in a comfortably furnished room in a large New York boarding-house. A bright fire glowed in the grate, well-chosen engravings adorned the walls, and a bright light was diffused about the room from an Argand burner.

Let me introduce the occupants of the apartment as Tom Stacy and John Wilbur, young men of twenty-five or thereabouts, who were known in business circles as Stacy & Wilbur, retail drygoods dealers, No. — Broadway. They had not been in business long, but were already doing unusually well. They had taken apartments together, one of which is now presented to the reader.

"Has it occurred to you, Wilbur," asked his partner, removing his cigar and knocking away the ashes, "that to-morrow is St. Valentine's day?"

"Yes, I thought of it this afternoon, as I was walking up from the store."

"So did I, and to some purpose too, as I will show you."

Tom Stacy went to a drawer and drew out a gorgeous valentine, an elaborate combination of hearts, doves, etc.

"What do you think I gave for that?" he asked. "I don't know, I'm sure. It appears to be very elegant."

"It cost me ten dollars."

"Whew!" whistled Wilbur. "It strikes me you are either very extravagant or very devoted. May I know what fair damsel is to be made glad by the receipt of this elegant miserie?"

"That's my secret," said Tom, laughing. "I don't mind telling you, however. It's to go to Edith Castleton."

"I presume you feel particularly interested in the young lady?"

"Not at all. But I told her I would send her valentine, *et la voila!* Shan't you conform to the custom of the day?"

"I had not thought of it," said John, thoughtfully, "but I believe I will."

"And what fair lady will you select as the recipient?"

"You remember the poor seamstress who occupies an attic in the house?"

"Yes, I have met her on the stairs two or three times."

"She looks as if times were hard with her. I think I'll send her a valentine."

"And what good do you think it will do her?" asked Stacy, in surprise.

"Wait till you see the kind of valentine I will send."

Wilbur went to his desk, and taking out a sheet of notepaper, drew from his portemonnaie a ten dollar bill, wrapped it in the paper, on which he had previously written, "From St. Valentine," and placed the whole in an envelope.

"There," said he, "my valentine has cost as much as yours, and I venture to say it will be as welcome."

"You are right. I wish now I had not bought this costly trifle. However, as it is purchased, I will send it."

The next day dawned clear and frosty. It was lively enough for those who sat by comfortable fires and dined at luxurious tables, but for the poor who shared none of these advantages it was indeed a bitter day.

In an attic room, meanly furnished, sat a young girl, pale and thin. She was cowering over a scanty wood fire, the best she could afford, which heated the room very insufficiently. She was sewing steadily, shivering from time to time as the cold blast shook the windows and found its way through crevices.

Poor child! Life had a very black aspect for her on that winter day. She was alone in the world. There was absolutely no one on whom she could call for assistance, though she needed it sorely enough. The thought came to her more than once in her discomfort, "Is it worth while living any longer?" But she recoiled from the sin of suicide. She might starve to death, but she would not take the life which God had given her.

Plunged in gloomy thought, she continued her work. All at once a step was heard ascending the narrow staircase which led to her room. Then there was a knock at the door. She arose in some surprise and opened it, thinking it must be the landlady or one of the servants.

She was right. It was a servant.

"Here's a letter for you that the postboy just brought, Miss Morris."

"A letter for me!" repeated Helen Morris, in surprise, taking it from the servant's hand. "Who can have written to me?"

"Maybe it's a valentine, miss," said the girl, laughing. "You know this is Valentine's day. More by token, I've got two myself this morning. One's a karakter (caricature?), so mistress calls it. Just look at it."

Bridget displayed a highly embellished pictorial representation of a female hard at work at the washtub, the cast of beauty being decidedly Hibernian.

Helen Morris laughed absently, but did not open her letter while Bridget remained—a little to the disappointment of that curious damsel.

Helen slowly opened the envelope. A banknote for ten dollars dropped from it to the floor.

She eagerly read the few words on the paper—"From St. Valentine!"

"Heaven be praised!" she said, folding her hands gratefully. "This sum will enable me to carry out the plan which I had in view."

Eight years passed away. Eight years with their lights and shadows, their joys and sorrows. They brought with them the merry voices of children—they brought with them new-made graves—happiness to some and grief to others.

Towards the last they brought the great commercial crisis of '57, when houses that seemed built upon a rock tottered all at once to their fall. Do not many remember that time all too well when merchants, with anxious faces, ran frantically from one to another to solicit help, and met only averted faces and distrustful looks?

And how was it in that time of universal famine with our friends—Stacy and Wilbur?

Up to 1857 they had been doing an excellent business. They had gradually enlarged the sphere of their operations and were rapidly growing rich, when this crash came.

They immediately took in sail. Both were prudent, and both felt that this was the time when this quality was urgently needed.

By great efforts they had succeeded in keeping up till the 14th of February, 1858. On that morning a note of two thousand dollars came due. This was their last peril. That surmounted they would be able to go on in assured confidence.

But, alas! this was the rock of which they had most apprehension. They had taxed their resources to the utmost. They had called upon their

friends, but their friends were employed in taking care of themselves, and the selfish policy was the one required then.

"Look out for number one!" superseded the golden rule for the time being.

As I have said, two thousand dollars were due on the 1st of February.

"How much have you got towards it?" asked Wilbur, as Stacy came in at half-past eleven.

"Three hundred and seventy-five dollars," was the dispirited reply.

"Was that all you could raise?" inquired his partner, turning pale.

"All."

"Are you sure you thought of everybody?"

"I have been everywhere. I'm fagged to death," was the weary reply of Stacy, as he sank exhausted into a chair.

"Then the crash must come," said Wilbur, with gloomy resignation.

"I suppose it must."

There was a silence. Neither felt inclined to say anything. For six months they had been struggling with the tide. They could see shore, but in sight of it they must go down.

At this moment a note was brought in by a boy. There was no postmark. Evidently he was a special messenger.

It was opened at once by Mr. Wilbur, to whom it was directed. It contained these few words only:

"If Mr. John Wilbur will call immediately at No. — Fifth Avenue, he will learn something to his great advantage."

There was no signature.

John Wilbur read it with surprise, and passed it to his partner. "What does it mean, do you think?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I advise you to go at once."

"It seems to be in a feminine handwriting," said Wilbur, thoughtfully.

Yes. Don't you know any lady on Fifth Avenue?"

"None."

"Well, it is worth noticing. We have met with so little to our advantage lately that it will be a refreshing variety."

In five minutes John Wilbur jumped into a horsecar, and was on his way to No. — Fifth Avenue.

He walked up to the door of a magnificent brown stone house, and rang the bell. He was instantly admitted and shown into the drawing-room, superbly furnished.

He did not have to wait long. An elegantly dressed lady, scarcely thirty, entered, and bowing, said, "You do not remember me, Mr. Wilbur?"

"No, madam," said he, in perplexity.

"We will waive that, then, and proceed to business. How has your house borne the crisis, in which so many of our large firms have gone down?"

John Wilbur smiled bitterly.

"We have struggled successfully till to-day," he answered. But the end has come. Unless we can raise a certain sum of money by two, we are ruined."

"What sum will save you?" was the lady's question.

"The note due is two thousand dollars. Towards this we have but three hundred and seventy-five."

"Excuse me a moment," said his hostess. She left the room, but quickly returned.

"There," said she, handing a small strip of paper to John Wilbur, "is my cheque for two thousand dollars. You can repay it at your convenience. If you should require more, come to me again."

"Madam, you have saved us," exclaimed Wilbur, springing to his feet in delight. "What can have inspired in you such a benevolent interest in our prosperity?"

"Do you remember, Mr. Wilbur," said the lady, "a certain valentine, containing a ten dollar note, which you sent to a young girl occupying an attic room in your lodging-house, eight years since?"

"I do distinctly. I have often wondered what became of the young girl. I think her name was Helen Morris."

"She stands before you," was the quiet response.

"You, Helen Morris!" exclaimed Wilbur, starting back in amazement. "You, surrounded with luxury!"

"No wonder you are surprised. Life has strange contrasts. The money which you sent me seemed to come from God. I was on the brink of despair. With it I put my wardrobe in repair, and made application for the post of companion to a wealthy lady. I fortunately obtained it. I had been with her but two years when a gentleman in her circle, immensely wealthy, offered me his hand in marriage. I esteemed him. He was satisfied with that. I married him. A year since he died, leaving me this house and an immense fortune. I had never forgotten you, having accidentally learned that my timely succor came from you. I resolved, if fortune ever put it in my power, I would befriend you as you befriended me. That time has come. I have paid the first instalment of my debt. Helen Eustace remembers the obligations of Helen Morris."

John Wilbur advanced, and respectfully took her hand. "You have nobly repaid me," he said. "Will you also award me the privilege of occasionally calling upon you?"

"I shall be most happy," said Mrs. Eustace, cordially.

John took a hurried leave, and returned to his store as the clock struck one. He showed his delighted partner the cheque which he had just received. "I haven't time to explain," he said, "this must at once be cashed."

Two o'clock came and the firm were saved—saved from their last peril. Henceforth they met with nothing but prosperous gales.

What more?

Helen Eustace has again changed her name. She is now Helen Wilbur, and her husband now lives at No. — Fifth Avenue.

And all this came of a valentine.

THE HIPPOTHEATRON AND NEW YORK CIRQUE.

THE new iron circus, which has just been completed, in Fourteenth street, directly opposite the Academy of Music is one of the most complete and admirable buildings of its class in the world. It combines elegance with safety, and the amplest space with the most enlarged ideas of comfort. Such an establishment has long been wanted in New York, for the rickety, damp, uncomfortable tents, pitched anywhere, from time to time, by perambulating circus companies, might do very well for small country towns and villages, but were entirely unworthy the patronage of the citizens of New York. The Hippodrome is an establishment that will reflect credit upon our city, and will afford a class of amusement, produced in the best style, that was needed to complete the circle of amusements of the metropolitan city.

The following description will give a full idea of the magnitude and beauty of the Hippodrome and New York Cirque:

The building is constructed of corrugated and ridge iron, manufactured under Eddy's patent. It will not only be a proof, but combine those essential elements—strength, durability, lightness and beauty of material. It is by far the largest, and will be the best adapted for the purpose, of any structure of its kind ever built in this or any other country, throwing it to the shade all the hippodrome and "circus" of Paris, Vienna, Berlin, etc., the seating capacity alone affording ample accommodation for 4000 spectators, each having a full and uninterrupted view of the entire arena.

The hippodrome proper, or main building, in which the performances will be given, is a complete circle, 110 feet in diameter, the outer iron walls of which are 25 feet high. From these springs the dome, which ascends to a height of 76 feet, and is surmounted by a lantern cupola. The interior framework is of heavy crossed timber, all the most salient supports being also clad with iron, all the necessary king-posts, tie beams and cross-rod being also of iron, and adding, in their rich ornamentation, to the beauty of the building.

Within the outer mammoth circle there is an inner one, 52 feet in diameter, surrounded by a circle of elegant slender columns, surmounted by profusely ornamented capitals. This interior circle forms the arena or ring, which is several feet larger in diameter than any previously used.

From this exterior circle of columns the seats rise, like those of the ancient Roman amphitheatre, gradually to the height of the exterior walls, without one pound of pressure being placed on the building, all the dead weight being placed on the solid earth beneath.

One half of the circle is devoted to the boxes, the other (with a distinct entrance) to the amphitheatre, as it is styled, a spacious promenade gallery, entered from the box side, encircling the entire building; the amphitheatre has also a separate promenade.

There are two grand entrances to the arena, facing each other; these communicate by a gallery running under the seats.

The other arrangements, exterior of the main building, comprise a ladies' saloon and retiring-rooms, gentlemen's smoking-rooms, spacious dressing-rooms, offices and stabling for 60 horses, the latter intended to be open to the inspection of the public.

The box-seats will be cushioned and covered with scarlet cloth.

The principal entrance will be by an Italian arched portico, profusely ornamented with columns and basso-reliefs (also of iron)—this leads to an interior vestibule—where two spacious stairways will conduct the visitor to the box seats—this vestibule has niches for statues, vases, &c.

The building will be heated throughout with steam, and lighted by an enormous chandelier pendant from the cupola; and a separate ring of burners encircling the inner line of columns 52 feet in diameter, side and bracket lights, &c.

The prevailing color of the decorations is a groundwork of pale pink, picked out in panels, with light green, scarlet and gold; the interior dome over the chandelier will be hung with rich scarlet cloth, bordered with a heavy bullion fringe; additional exit doors are provided in case of any unforeseen emergency.

The architect is Mr. Laurence B. Valk, who is associated with Mr. W. G. Lord as contractor for the building, the entire work being under the constant personal supervision of the proprietor, Mr. James Cooke.

It will be seen by the above description that the building is complete in every department, and that it secures one of the most important points for the comfort of its audience—namely, that every individual who pays for his admission to any part of the house can see all that is to be seen. The Hippodrome will open to the public on Monday next, February 8th, with a company complete in every department, and with a management which has both the determination and the means to carry on the enterprise brilliantly and successfully.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A GENTLEMAN, a few days since, on his way to Black's, to have his picture taken, went into Shute's fur rooms, which are on the same floor, and throwing himself into a chair, he was told a whole set of fables before he discovered that he had mistaken the door!

A PHOTOGRAPH taker assures his customers that he can take excellent likenesses of their deceased friends!

A NEW sign for a tavern has recently been invented—Dewdrop Inn (do-drop in).

A CELEBRATED philosopher used to say—"The favors of fortune are like steep rocks—only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit."

"ARRAH, me darlint," cried Jamie O'Flanagan to his loquacious sweetheart, who had given him no opportunity of answering her remarks during a two hours' ride behind the little bay nags in his oyster wagon—"Are yer after knowing why yer cheeks are like my ponies' ears?"

"Sure, and it's because they're red, is it?" quoth the blushing Bridget.

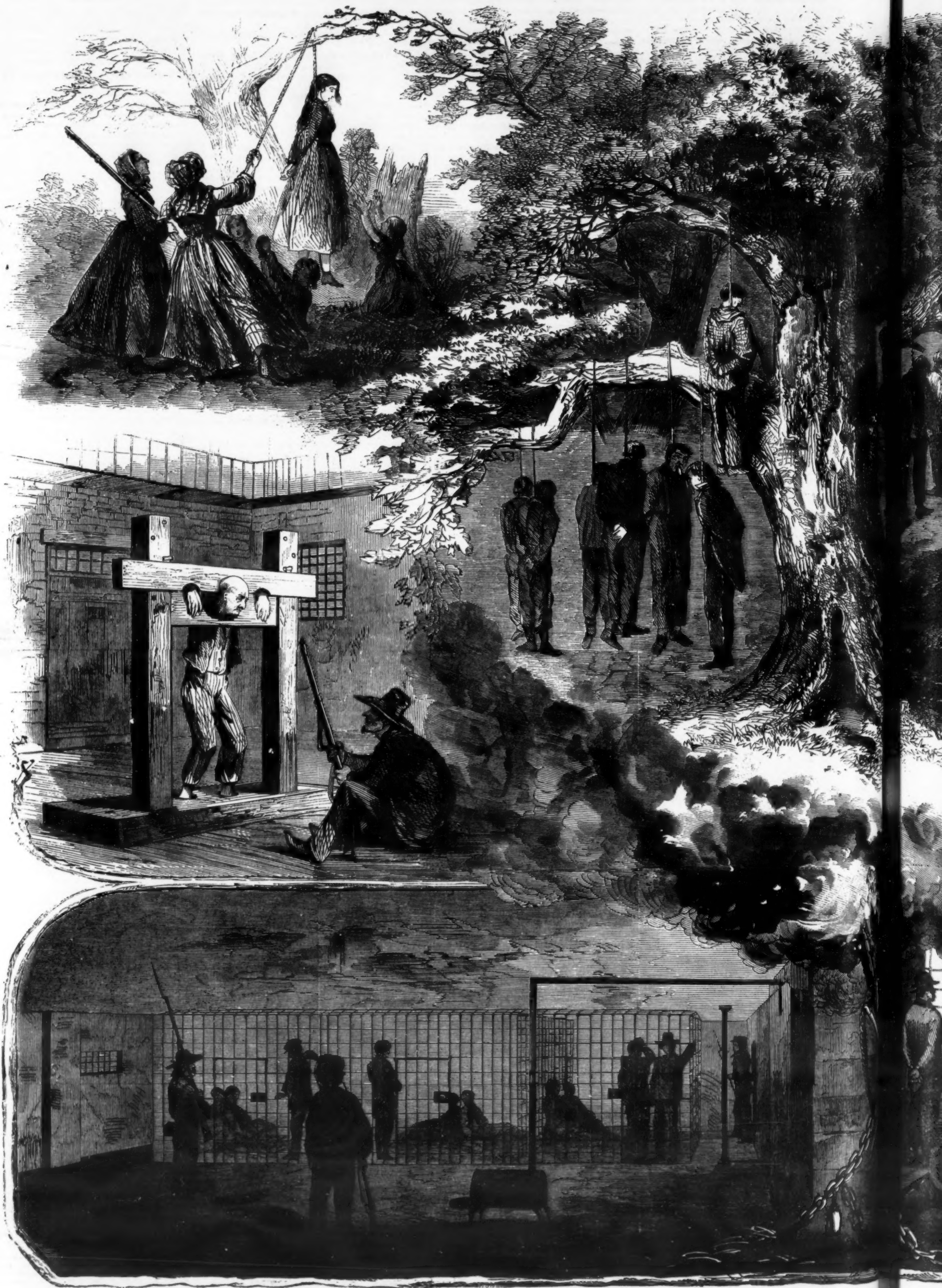
"Faith and a better reason than that, mavourneen. Because there is one of them each side of a waggin' tongue!"

A LADY residing in the city, who, by the way, was one of the strictest of evangelical church members, chanced to go into the country on a visit to her brother who was a deacon. On the first Sunday of her visit, a little son of her brother's came running into the house with a couple of eggs, which he had just found in the hen's nest:

"See, 'nest!" he exclaimed, "what our hens have laid to-day!"

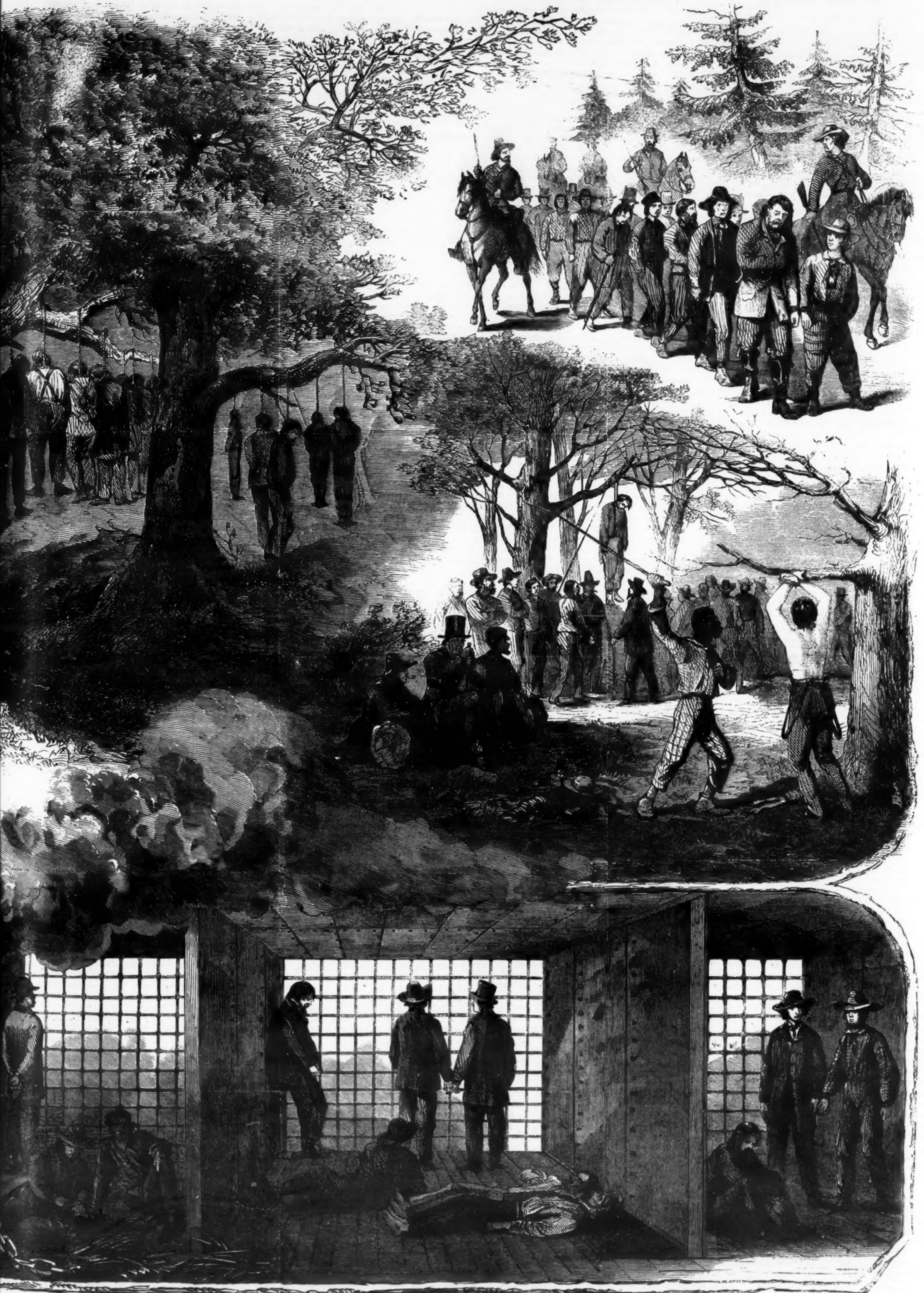
"What?" exclaimed the lady, lifting up her eyes in horror, "is it possible that your father, a pious man and a deacon, allows his hens to lay on Sunday?"

MR. QUERY wonders if, when night falls, she doesn't hurt herself! The desire of Mr. Query for "useful knowledge" and things is only equalled by his humanity.



1. Hanging of Mrs. Miller by Men in Disguise. 2. The Stocks. 3. Cages at Little Rock Prison.
REBEL BARBARIEN

Union Men.
REBELS BY



Union Men. 5. Bringing in Union Men. 6. Hanging and Flogging. 7. Prison at Little Rock.
 ENGRAVED BY FRED. SUMNER.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

[THE following lines are based on a coincidence which is portrayed in the three parts of the poem. The men alluded to are brothers of the Hon. T. W. Ferry, of Michigan, who contributed \$500 to the recent Northwestern Fair.]

I.—WHITE RIVER.

THE nation's birthday came. The starry flag,
Kissed by the morning breezes, to the sun
Flung out its folds; the booming gun spoke loud
The people's loyal heart and spirit proud.
Here rose the voice of Edward—youngest son.

He speaks to freemen, on the natal day
When our forefathers wedded liberty,
In words that burn he thrills those listening souls,
He does not hear this sound of strife that rolls
From the far battle-plain where soldiers die!

II.—VICKSBURG.

The nation's birthday. O'er a vanquished foe
Our army marches into Vicksburg's streets.
Victorious—sounding music's grandest strains,
Drowning the memory of all battle pain.
High the strong pulse of loyal triumph beats.

There William—eldest brother—rode in pride,
One of the conquering army of the West;
His younger brother's voice he does not hear—
Peans of triumph fill his happy ear—
And pride and hope swell in his happy breast.

III.—GETTYSBURG.

The nation's birthday dawned upon a scene
Of blood and anguish, where the battle-ground
Of Gettysburg stretched out its soldiers dead
And wounded; few the tears those brave men shed,
Though agony dwelt burning in each wound.

At the same hour when Edward's voice arose—
At the same hour when William with his men
Marched into Vicksburg—soldiers knelt in prayer
Above a mound of earth; their idol calmly there
Slept the deep sleep that wakens not again.

'Tis Noah—brother third—that slept the sleep!
In Gettysburg's fierce fight he fighting fell,
Leading his charge, and shouting, "Bully, men!"
While striking home for native land again,
And there God struck his young life's parting
knell!

CLARA;

A Story of Life in Africa.

By John B. Williams, M. D.

CHAPTER I.—HO FOR AFRICA!

CHARLES NORTON was the son of a wealthy New York merchant. Mr. Norton, sen., worked much, spent little and saved money. His son worked little, spent much and contracted debts. This system of balancing his books did not please the old man. One fine day he put an end to it, and Charles found himself his own master at twenty-two years of age, with a small fortune.

He was a handsome young fellow, five feet six inches high, fresh-colored, with a thick beard and solid muscles. He could drink a good deal without getting intoxicated, and strike very hard. In less than three years, what with the expenses of supper parties, cards, &c., he found his fortune singularly reduced. An intimate friend of two weeks' standing advised him to speculate in the stocks with what remained. This friend naturally took upon himself the management of the funds. He managed them so well that young Norton was compelled to look out for some situation by which he could live. Like many other persons, he desired a large salary and little work. The contrary is generally offered. He was difficult to please, and refused many eligible opportunities.

Having nothing to do, and no money to spend, Charles passed the greater portion of his days reading. Histories of travels and the chase charmed him more than anything else. The expeditions of Gordon Cumming and other adventurous hunters excited him to the utmost degree. He soon had only one idea, and that was to go to Africa, bury himself in the desert, and live by the products of the chase—to kill elephants, deal in ivory and amass a fortune.

On the 18th of June, 1845, he sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, with a perfect arsenal of arms and a large quantity of ammunition. Three months afterwards a Boor (a Dutch colonist who was returning to his own dwelling, situated at the limits of the colony) left the young American in the midst of an immense forest, accompanied by a Hottentot servant. After having paid the Dutchman the cost of the journey, Norton found that he only had five dollars left. But he possessed two guns, a pair of pistols and plenty of ammunition. Christopher the Hottentot, who had carried all these things, thought they were decidedly more than necessary.

In two weeks our hero had killed eight serpents, a porcupine and several antelopes. Finding that the serpents were more numerous than the antelopes, and that his master's kitchen was very badly furnished, Christopher quietly stole away while Norton was asleep. He naturally took one of the guns, in all probability as a souvenir of his master, but he had the delicacy to leave almost all the ammunition behind.

Charles found himself alone in an unknown country. In default of other qualities he possessed courage. He continued his course in a direct line, and hunted as he went.

Overcome with fatigue, half-nourished, and with no shelter but the leaves of the trees, Norton grew thin and careworn. To put a climax to his grief, he did not meet a single elephant. A black rhinoceros that he had wounded knocked him down,

and his fall was so severe that he fainted. Both remained extended on the ground, the rhinoceros dead, and the huntsman unconscious. When he opened his eyes Norton perceived around him fifty hideous little beings, almost naked, with hair resembling sheep's wool. These frightful creatures were armed with bows and arrows of small size. Five or six of them carried javelins. They were Bushmen, savage vagabonds who lived by pillage. They commenced by stripping the unfortunate American, whom they left almost naked. Knowing that the tips of their arrows were poisoned, Norton took care to make no resistance. They then began to cut up the rhinoceros. Their intention in the first place had been to kill the huntsman, but they thought afterwards they would first of all employ him to assist in transporting the rhinoceros to their retreat. At that moment a detachment of Boors from the neighborhood came in search of the Bushmen, who had stolen their cattle. They arrived unawares, surprised the savages, and shot them without pity. Seven or eight Bushmen only escaped by flight.

They released Norton; he could find neither his weapons, clothes, nor money. For the want of anything better he was compelled to use the clothes a gigantic Hollander, killed in the battle.

The chief of the Dutch colonists was named Adam Roschoff. He was a rich proprietor in the neighborhood. He questioned Norton, first in Dutch, then in French. Fortunately the young man comprehended a little of this last language. He told the Hollander a portion of his history, and confessed that he did not know what would become of him. Roschoff listened to him very quietly, refilled his pipe, and offered to take Charles as his servant. Norton blushed with indignation and refused. The Dutchman silently lighted his pipe and retired.

"What will become of me?" asked Norton, when he was left by himself.

At the moment of separating from the Dutchman he again put this terrible question to himself. Not being able to reply to it in a satisfactory manner, he summoned up his courage, and running to Adam Roschoff, he told him that he accepted his proposition.

They arrived at Weisberg, where Roschoff lived. A tall girl with light hair and blue eyes came to meet the Hollanders. It was Clara, Roschoff's only daughter. She embraced her father, and cast a look of astonishment on Norton, who was still dressed in the clothes belonging to the gigantic Boor. Clara was a spoiled child, badly brought up, as are nine-tenths of the daughters of the Dutch colonists. When she saw Norton's grotesque appearance she laughed heartily. The Boors responded in the same manner; even the Hottentots joined in the peal. He believed they were insulting him on account of his sad condition. In this he was wrong—the Boors laughed from want of politeness—but they had no idea of wounding his feelings.

A tall and handsome young man, named Seroas Bergiter, distinguished himself above all the rest by his loud peals of laughter. He conversed with Clara, and pointed with his finger to the poor American. If the latter had not been so weak and exhausted he would have attacked them with his fists. He hung down his head and tears came into his eyes. The Boors, astonished at this excess of sensibility, were silent, the reason for which they could not understand.

Dinner was soon afterwards served. Norton was placed between two Boors, who poured him out glass after glass of wine, as if to make up for their mirth. The same evening the stranger Boors left Weisberg. Seroas Bergiter alone remained, for five or six days. The young Hollander was evidently paying his addresses to Clara Roschoff. Norton had taken a great dislike to him. His loud laugh made a disagreeable impression on him. Nor did the Hollander regard the American with any pleasing glance. He never lost an opportunity to remark to Roschoff and his daughter the young man's awkwardness.

It must be confessed that Charles made a poor servant; more accustomed to command than obey, he could not get reconciled to his new position. Thus instead of profiting by instruction that would have been useful to him, Norton, exasperated by his reception at Weisberg, wrapped himself up in his dignity, and contented himself by performing mechanically the duties ascribed to him. It would have been very easy to have acquired Clara's good graces, instead of that he remembered her peals of laughter, and never addressed a word to her.

Chance came to his aid. One day Charles wrote a letter to his friends in America, and Roschoff noticed that his servant wrote a beautiful hand. He was then charged to keep the accounts of the house. They were very simple.

By degrees Norton became a sort of overseer or superintendent, but still Roschoff did not allow him to forget that he was only a servant. Accustomed as Clara was to have every desire gratified, she was very much dissatisfied with the want of respect shown her by her father's new servant.

One day Seroas Bergiter arrived at Weisberg. Clara received him with charming grace. It was especially the case when Norton was present that Clara showed herself amiable to the Hollander. The latter received Clara's attentions with the greatest calmness, as if it were quite a natural affair. As for Norton, he did not even appear to perceive it.

Whilst Bergiter was still at Weisberg, an English colonist who lived in the neighborhood, that is to say about sixty miles more or less distant, came to invite Roschoff to the wedding of one of his daughters. The guests at Weisberg were naturally included in the invitation, as also was Norton, for he had once or twice done some little services in the way of writing for his neighbors, and he began to be noticed by them all.

On the following Monday, Roschoff, his daughter,

Bergiter, Norton and some others left for New Garden, where the bride and bridegroom lived. The travellers left in couples, in immense carriages, each drawn by four horses. They had to travel over frightful roads, but owing to the extraordinary skill of the Hottentot drivers they reached New Garden without any accident.

On leaving the Cape of Good Hope, Norton had left behind him a trunk containing clothes which were useless to him in his expeditions in the forests. A Hollander living in the neighborhood had been kind enough to bring this trunk to the young American. Delighted to possess this souvenir of happy times, Norton brought the trunk with him to New Garden. He dressed himself like a gentleman. Clara had never seen him excepting in his coarse working clothes. She scarcely recognised him when he entered the room where the guests were assembled.

Norton's entrance made a great sensation. The young girls regarded with curiosity the servant better dressed than his master. The young men sneered and began to criticise the new comer. Norton's elegance drew from Clara a thousand compliments, ironical or sincere. Charles, however, did not pay the slightest attention to her. This put her in a very bad humor, and like a spoiled child she complained to her father. The old man only laughed at her.

After dinner they had dancing. Their only orchestra consisted of a miserable Hottentot, who played the violin. He had drunk so much at dinner that he was soon too intoxicated to play. While they were endeavoring to sober him, Norton, who saw the young girls' despair, took the violin and played some quadrilles. It is true he was not a Paganini, and that he sometimes played false notes, but African colonists are not so exacting as opera-goers.

Norton's talent put the climax to his success with the girls, and increased the ill-will of the men. Excited by Clara, Bergiter did everything he could to insult the young American. He knocked against him every moment. Naturally endowed with but little patience, Charles soon paid him back, and at the first opportunity he pushed Bergiter down by a vigorous blow from his elbow. The Hollander replied by another blow, and then, when Norton raised his hand to strike, Bergiter seized him by his cravat and the waistband of his pantaloons, and raised him from the ground as if he had been a child. The guests began to laugh. Norton, who was fearfully furious, profited by his position to inflict two powerful blows on his adversary's face. The Dutchman released him and struck at him with his fist. Bergiter was a great deal stronger than his rival, and although the latter was more agile, the result of the combat did not seem to be doubtful. But the violin was not the only talent that Norton possessed. During his youth he had studied boxing, and he inflicted a deluge of blows on the face and head of the unfortunate Dutchman, without the latter being able to return a single blow.

Crazy with rage and his face covered with blood, the Boor threw himself on the American, for the purpose of getting him in his grasp, but a well directed blow felled him to the earth. Six or seven of the Dutchman's friends surrounded Norton; others interposed. A reaction in favor of the American took place. The old men at last separated the combatants. No sooner had Bergiter got on his feet than he seized a musket and pointed it at his adversary. Roschoff turned away the barrel. They led away Bergiter bleeding profusely, and the dancing commenced. In that half savage country a quarrel is such a common thing that it is very quickly forgotten.

CHAPTER II.—JEALOUSY.

THE honor of the victory remained, however, with Norton. As physical strength and skill are the qualities which the colonists most esteem, the young American's conquest brought him much consideration.

Norton's favorite partner was the sister of the bride, a young and pretty English girl of seventeen or eighteen years of age. At the moment that Charles was about to dance with her for the fifth or sixth time, Clara approached him and said, in a deliberate tone:

"Charles, I was to dance with Bergiter. As you are the cause of his not coming, you must place him and dance with me."

"I am engaged," said Norton.

"That is not true," murmured the young girl. "You were about to ask Susan for the seventh time I really believe. But you shall ask her by-and-bye—but come—come!"

Norton followed her, grumbling. The three first quadrilles were danced without his opening his lips. It is true that most of the other dancers acted the same, but Clara, who had seen Charles conversing gaily with the bride and her sister, was very much dissatisfied with his silence.

"Really," said she, "I should like to know why you have asked everybody to dance except me. It seems to me that you ought to have commenced with your master's daughter."

"Miss Roschoff," replied Charles, "your father pays me to keep his accounts—my duties extend no further, I believe."

Clara beat her foot on the floor with the impatience of a spoiled child.

"So it was your intention not to have asked me," said she.

"I did not dare," said Charles, with a shade of railery in his tone. "A servant ask his mistress to dance with him!"

"You know that is the custom here," she returned. "That is not your reason. You did not want to dance with me. And the proof is that you do not speak a word to me, although you converse with all the others you danced with. Why do you hate me so much?"

"I—hate you!—what can you mean?" returned Norton.

"Yes, you do. At Weisberg everybody tries to be agreeable to me—you, on the contrary, are civil to every one else excepting me. Whenever I approach you always move away."

"That is but natural," replied Norton. "You do nothing but scold or make your father scold me."

"Because you always treat me so haughtily."

"I am melancholy—that is all."

"Why did you not make me the confidant of your griefs the first day you arrived?"

"Your welcome was not of a nature to encourage me to do it."

"How would one of your own countrywomen have received you?"

"On the arrival of an unfortunate stranger, exhausted by fatigue, misery and hunger, an American girl would have spoken a few words of consolation to him, instead of laughing in his face, as you and Bergiter did."

Clara bent down her eyes and blushed. In spite of her want of education in politeness, a secret instinct told her that perhaps Norton was right. She became pensive. Absorbed by these new reflections, the young girl allowed the dance to conclude without uttering a word. When just about to leave Norton, she pressed his hand, and, with tears in her eyes, said:

"Charles, I think I was wrong. I am very sorry to have given you pain, but I assure you I had no intention of wounding your feelings."

Touched by the emotion the young girl showed while uttering these words, Norton remained too much embarrassed to reply. A species of self-pride prevented him from showing how much he was affected.

"Can I say anything more?" said Clara, who misunderstood the cause of his silence.

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Really?"

"On my honor."

"And now you will dance and converse with me?"

"With all my heart, Clara. Will you be disengaged for the quadrille after the next?"

"With whom do you dance the next? With Susan, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"She pleases you very much, does she not?"

"I think her charming."

Clara was silent for a moment or two.

"I hope we shall leave to-morrow," said she, at last.

"So soon?" said Norton.

"Yes. I am tired of being here. And—"

She paused abruptly, noticing that Charles had turned away his head.

"Go to your partner," said she, making an impatient movement. "Do you not see that Susan is looking for you everywhere? How I hate these English!" she murmured, when Norton had left her side.

Clara wished to leave the next day. Her father opposed her. He signified to her that he expected to remain three days at New Garden. The poor girl, whose heart had suddenly awakened, followed Norton like his shadow. The evening of the day fixed for their departure she perceived that the young American and Susan had disappeared. She found them sitting under a large tree a short distance off. Norton, who had great mechanical genius, was making a little box for Susan.

"What is the matter, Clara?" said Susan, as the former rushed to the place where they were sitting.

"Nothing—nothing!" murmured Clara. "I came here—I want—Charles, the carriages must be got ready."

"Presently," replied Norton; "I must first finish this."

"No, directly," she returned; "father is waiting for you."

"I shall be done in two minutes," replied Norton, going on with his occupation.

Clara stamped her foot. Susan began to laugh. The daughter of Adam Roschoff thought they were mocking her. In her jealous anger she seized the little box from Norton's hands, and throwing it violently on the ground, broke it into a hundred pieces.

"How wicked you are, Clara," cried Susan.

"When I get back to Weisberg I will make you a handsomer one, Miss Susan," said Norton. "I will send it to you or bring it myself, if I can."

"They will prevent your doing so," replied the young English girl, regarding her rival with a mocking glance. "Is it not so, Clara?"

"Certainly," replied Miss Roschoff, exasperated by Susan's provoking tone. "If my father pays Charles his wages, it is not to work for others, but us."

Norton blushed with anger and confusion.

"My engagement with Adam Roschoff expires in four months," said he, making an effort to restrain himself. "Even though I should die with hunger, I will not renew it. I can promise you at least that at that time, Miss Susan, you shall have your box."

"Do not fear you will not find a situation," returned Susan. "My father, as well as my uncle Henry, would, I am sure, like to take you into their employment."

"Come, Charles!" said Clara, impatiently.

Norton went away with her. They reached the carriage without the young American having uttered a single word. Already repenting of her anger, Clara was seeking a means to appease Charles's resentment. Norton silently assisted in getting the carriages ready, and only replied by monosyllables to the indirect questions by which Clara sought to engage him in conversation.

The next day, during the whole journey, he remained sombre and mute. Roschoff slept or conversed with another colonist, who was going the same road as they were.

Several days elapsed. The little excursion Norton had made had a bad effect on him, for it awakened in his mind recollections and desires

which made his situation more bitter to him than it had been hitherto. At New Garden, free from all occupation, he had lived like a gentleman. When he returned to W. he again became a servant. Roschoff was certainly not a wicked man, but he was violent and exacting.

Norton's greatest happiness was to retire to some shady spot, to dream of his native land, that he had quitted with so much joy and which he now thought of without ceasing. He was very much annoyed with Clara, who came every moment to disturb him.

Not daring to confess the true motive which attracted her to Charles's presence, she invented the most absurd pretexts to converse with the young American. She had, however, more intelligence than most of the colonists, but she was lazy and trifling. She wanted, especially, that particular tact which can only be developed by mixing in society. She was, moreover, as we have before said, a spoiled child, and her jealousy every now and then betrayed itself by impatience and anger. Norton completely misunderstood her. He felt perfectly convinced that she did everything she could to annoy him. The young girl's awkward timidity served to strengthen him in his error.

One day Roschoff left on horseback early in the morning, for the purpose of inspecting his cattle. Norton hastened to finish the task which the Dutchman had set him when he left. Then taking some American newspapers which a trader had sold him the evening before, he took refuge in a wood near, situated not very far from the dwelling. Ten minutes afterwards he was seated near a spring, and began eagerly to peruse the papers which spoke to him of his country. The weather was of that hot, suffocating character which announces a coming storm, and which influences the least impressionable organizations. Charles had scarcely commenced to read when a human form rose up before him. He raised his eyes and recognised Clara. She held in her hand a brass knob, which she had wrested from her closet door after much laborious effort.

"What do you want with me?" asked Norton, who could not restrain a gesture of impatience.

This brusque reception disconcerted the poor girl.

"A little while ago," said she, concealing her embarrassment by assuming an abrupt tone, "when I was opening my closet door, the knob came off."

"Well?"

"I have come to ask you to mend it for me." This was the fiftieth time in eight days that she had exacted some similar service of him. This time, pushed to extremity by this persecution which was incomprehensible to him, he could not restrain his impatience.

"Really, Clara," said he, "you are determined then to torment me and give me no peace."

"But, Charles," murmured Clara, very much confused, "I assure you that this knob—look at it—you can see—"

"The deuce take your closet and the knob," cried the poor boy, completely exasperated. "Clara, if I were not sustained by the recollection that my engagement with your father ceases in three months, and that then I shall be at liberty to leave your infernal country, I think that I should blow out my brains, for you render my life so wretched by your conduct."

He turned his back on the young girl, and clasped his forehead with his two hands, according to the habitual pantomime of exasperated people.

Disconcerted by this rude reception, and struck to the heart by Charles's replies, and perhaps more so by the announcement of his departure, Clara was overwhelmed and could not find a word to reply. When she opened her lips to speak, her tears prevented her uttering a sound, and she precipitately retired. She had scarcely gone fifty yards than she burst into a violent fit of sobbing.

This little scene had an invisible witness in Jacob Oubana, one of the Hottentot servants at Weisberg. Without hearing Norton's words, he had easily comprehended the meaning of his gestures, and the violence with which Charles had cast the knob on the ground. Jacob followed Clara at a distance.

At the moment the young girl, bathed in tears, entered the path leading to the house, she found herself face to face with her father.

"What is the matter, my poor child?" cried he, astonished at the young girl's grief.

Instead of replying, Clara re-entered the wood. Roschoff being on horseback could not follow her. He looked around him, and saw Jacob a short distance off.

"Oubana, do you know what is the matter with my daughter?" he asked of the servant.

A prattler like all Hottentots, and jealous of the superior servant, Jacob related, with much exaggeration, the particulars of the scene he had witnessed. Adam, furious, threw his bridle to the Hottentot and ran to find Norton. It was a wonder in the first impulse of his rage that he did not strike the young American. A sort of respect with which Charles inspired the Dutchman alone stayed his hand; he did not spare reproaches and insults, however, which he heaped on his unfortunate servant's head.

Tears of anger and humiliation came into Norton's eyes, but he did not reply a single word. Exasperated by this silence, Roschoff determined to inflict a punishment on his domestic.

"Charles," said he, after he had exhausted all the invectives and curses, which we cannot detail to the reader, "I told the laborers at the kraal (a kind of encampment for cattle) at Om Steny, that I would send them implements. Take from the ship the implements you will find ready laid out on the bench, and convey them immediately to Om Steny. You will make the journey on foot. I shall expect you will be back by seven o'clock to supper."

A distance of at least fourteen miles separated Weisberg from the place mentioned by Roschoff.

It was now noon. Norton had then to make a journey of twenty-eight miles in the fearful heat and under an enormous burden. It was enough to kill anybody. Yet Norton made no complaint. He went to the shop, took the implements, and started off for Om Steny.

WALKS IN PARADISE.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

THE air was clear and keen, before us flowed The lordly Hudson, silvered by the light Of the pale moon, which glid through silent night As one who treads a sorrow-touched abode And fears to wake the sleepers. Why did this Mute world, which I a thousand times had seen Before without emotion, wear a mien Which steeped my soul in soft entrancing bliss? Because I wandered with my heart's true queen, And she, all loving, leant upon my arm, Gazed in my eyes, and, with a smile serene, Looked those sweet thoughts which triumph over speech.

From thee, my darling, came that wondrous charm, No thought can compass and no art can reach.

THE DANISH-GERMAN WAR.

WE present a fine view of the entrance of the Federal troops into Altona, the initiatory step which may lead to a general war in Europe. The advance of the troops of the Federal Diet into the Duchy of Holstein has been followed and neutralized by the entrance of Prussian and Austrian troops into Schleswig. At any moment we may hear of an actual collision, the step of the Federal Diet having led to others which will develop events.

THE MARKET-HOUSE, BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

THE town of Brownsville bears a Mexican rather than an American look, and was at one time one of the most attractive spots in Texas for the healthiness of the climate, and the low price of all necessities of life, as well as for the facilities afforded for enterprise.

Our Artist gives a sketch of the Market-House and the groups habitually seen around it. The signs, Spanish and English, so less than the costumes, show the meeting of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races. The man hauling his water cask around, to sell the pure liquid, is one of the institutions of the place. The jackdaws, black as night, with bright green eyes, are a peculiarity of the place. They are about the size of a blackbird and very tame.

FALL OF THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE NIAGARA.

THE elegant Suspension Bridge thrown across the Niagara at Lewiston was one of the most stupendous works of our time. We must speak of it, however, as past, for it now lies a wreck, most of it having fallen.

Its span was 1,045 feet, and it was carried over large towers of cut stone and secured by anchors firmly sunk into the solid rock. It was supported by five cables on each side, each cable composed of 250 strands of number 10 wire. It was erected in 1850 under the superintendence of E. M. Serrell, Esq. The great jam of ice in the Niagara at Lewiston carried away the guys, leaving the bridge without adequate support, and the heavy gale of the 1st of February and the preceding night, caused so great an oscillation that at nine o'clock in the morning the floor of the bridge, except about 100 feet, fell with a crash into the Niagara river.

The towers and cables yet remain, and immediate steps will be taken to restore the bridge.

LIEUT. JOHN F. NICKELS,

The Recapturer of the Chesapeake.

VOL. LIEUT. JOHN F. NICKELS, of the U. S. Navy, was born at Transport, Maine, in 1832. He has followed the sea from the age of 15, and at 23 was in command of a fine ship of 1,100 tons. He continued in the merchant service until Aug. 25, 1861, when, placing another master in a barque which he owned, he entered the Naval service as Lieutenant, and was ordered to the command of the U. S. sailing ship Onward, of 900 tons, attached to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, under Com. Dupont. He was at the attack on Fort Clinch; was off Fernandina and ran into the harbor with the French flag flying and decoyed on board his ship the rebel Col. H. H. (formerly Adj.-Gen. of Florida) and six men, whom he held until the fleet took possession of the place. He was subsequently on the blockade off Ball's bay, which he entered without a pilot, in a sailing ship drawing 154 feet of water where there was but 16 feet, and driving the rebel troops from Ball's island, took possession of the harbor and island.

While on the Charleston blockade he was the first man to board the rebel steamer Planter, brought out by negroes. He was next ordered to cruise in search of the pirate Albatross, after which steamer he made two cruises. When at Bahis he blockaded two supply vessels having on board powder, shot and shell, and coals for the Alabama and Florida, compelling them to sell their cargoes.

In Sept. 1863 he was detached from the Onward and ordered to the command of the steamer Chesapeake by her passengers, orders were received at the Charleston Navy Yard to dispatch all the available vessels in pursuit, and Lieut. Nickels was ordered to the temporary command of the prize steamer Ella and Anna, in which steamer he sailed on the 1st of Dec., 1863, proceeding to Eastport, arriving there on the 12th, after a stormy passage. After remaining there one hour he sailed for Halifax, in a heavy snowstorm—experienced great difficulty, from the fact that their compasses were affected, the steamer being of iron, but making fortunate calculations and narrowly escaping shipwreck. On the 15th they entered Halifax, being nearly destitute of coal. By the courtesy of the Messrs. Unwin he was supplied with 130 tons of coal, which was put on board in five hours. While leaving for the Chesapeake he was at once stricken by a heavy gale from the westward—the gale being so severe that their steamer made but 10 miles in seven hours, the weather being intensely cold.

On the next day at 5 P. M. they entered La Hève and found that the bird had flown. Ascertaining that she was at Lunenburg, 25 miles distant, he immediately started, and at 6:30 P. M. ascertained that she had entered Tambo harbor. He immediately got under weigh and at daylight was off the harbor, at once entered, and at about half-past seven boarded her, striking her on the port beam—found that the crew had all fled on his appearance. He could, in fact, see them landing on the beach. He also took from a schooner which had been supplying the

Chesapeake with coals several persons belonging to the Chesapeake, among them one of the original captors of the steamer. The Chesapeake was all steam'd up, and had they been two hours later she would have been at sea.

He put on board a prize crew and sufficient coal, and then towed her to sea, where he fell in with the U. S. steamer Daotah, and was ordered by her commander to H. L. Hax.

REBEL OUTRAGES IN TEXAS.

THE people of the North have been loth to believe the tales of the cruelty and barbarism of our enemies from the very beginning of this armed contest. It has been said that many years must elapse before we can have a true history of this war. For the sake of humanity, we could wish that a true history of it might never be written. The atrocities of the French Revolution, in its worst days, are not exceeded in number and entirely surpassed in brutality by those perpetrated in many parts on Union men. When our troops entered Brownsville they found still hanging on a tree, the body of Capt. Montgomery, who was seized in Matamoros, carried over and hung.

In Texas they do not pretend to deny the fact. The editor of the Fort Brown Flag, speaking of the hanging of a Union man, remarked: "Timely notice was given all who did not indorse the war for Southern independence to leave the State and go beyond the lines of the Confederacy. It is no fault of our people if they have not availed themselves of the opportunity. We cannot fully endorse such stringent measures, but the lesson must be taught that traitors cannot be tolerated among us."

We give in this week's paper a series of views, illustrating the barbarities of the rebels, from sketches by Mr. Frederick Sumner, himself a victim of their cruelty and oppression. Mr. Sumner was a leader among the Union men at Sherman Grayson county, and when the rebels began these brave loyal men defied the secessionists and kept a fine American flag, presented by Mr. Sumner, floating over their country house. The fire-eaters were violent. They had already, in 1859, hung a northern clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Ball, at Dalt on suspicion of being a rebel sympathizer. Yet, on the question of secession, Grayson county gave 250 majority against a secession. But after the war opened the case of the Union men began to grow desperate. Twigs had betrayed the United States troops into the hands of the rebels, and but little hope remained of immediate help from the Government. The murder of Mrs. Hillier showed them what was coming. Her husband had been brought before the Vigilance Committee of Park county, and ordered to call or prepare to be hung; but though he submitted, in incautious remark of his wife led to her arrest. Six of the Vigilance Committee, dressed in women's clothes, went to her house, dragged her out to the nearest tree, and, regardless of her cries for mercy and deaf to the pleadings of her children, hung her. The poor children remained there till next day watching the lifeless remains, when some neighbors came and took the body down to inter it.

The loyal men then formed a secret Union League, but on the 1st Oct., 1862, the president, Jacob Lock, of Cook county, was arrested. A number assembled to rescue him but the mob was so powerful that they durst not attempt it. Lock, with five companions, were hung the next day. The League had been betrayed and all the leaders suddenly seized. Thirty more were arrested and hung, and in a short time over 100 perished in this way. One night, as Bo and Young, the leaders in these cruel acts, were riding near Glinesville, a party of Union men fired on them and Young fell dead. His son, a Captain in the rebel army, in revenge, caused 20 men to be hung the next day before breakfast.

Mr. Sumner, finding it useless to remain, attempted to escape, and though followed for over 300 miles, reached Northern Arkansas safely, and was exulting in his escape when he was arrested on suspicion and sent to Little Rock. Here he was confined in a filthy and stinky prison, in a cage made of iron, the top and bottom being boiler-plates, the sides bar iron. A corn husk mattress and a few ragged blankets were the only covering. His food was of the most wretched description.

He had been here about three months, when, on Jan. 20, 1863, 19 more Union men were marched in, heavily ironed hand and foot, and added to those already confined. To these new comers nothing was given for bedding. As may be supposed, death relieved some from the cruelty of these deeds. They steadily refused to enlist, which was offered constantly as a means of escape, but on the 20th of August were set free, their jailors being themselves anxious to escape from the advancing army of Justice and Right.

The sufferings of the Union men in the Penitentiary at Little Rock were very great. They were dressed like the convicts and placed among them. At the least murder or violation of rule the poor man, whose only crime was loyalty, would be stretched on the ground, stripped and flogged by a negro with a raw hide. Others were put in the stocks, the cross piece of which weighed 40 pounds. From the small size of the whole, this rested on the back of the neck and nearly suffocated the sufferer. They often became black in the face, and when released fell senseless to the ground. The mode of rousing the victim was a liberal application of the whip.

The sick fared worse than the well. Death was their only comfort. A son of Mr. Payne, of Horsehead county, was seen to shed tears on learning of his father's death in his cell; for this he was taken out and received 75 lashes.

Sixty-six of the prisoners had their legs and feet frozen one night, although there were blankets in sight of them. Many of these had to undergo amputation. This frightful case, with the deaths that followed, seems to have reached the conscience of even an Arkansas Legislature, and an act was passed to prevent men being sent to the Penitentiary, unless convicted by law.

HON. E. G. SQUIER,

United States Commissioner to Peru.

To turn awhile from the many who have by military deeds achieved renown, and occupy almost exclusively the public mind, we could scarcely select one more fitted to represent the true American character than Mr. Squier, who has just completed his labors as United States Commissioner in Peru.

E. George Squier is of the old Puritan stock, his ancestors, after praying and fighting in the battles of the English Civil War, having come to settle in New England, and finally obtained, with others, a grant of Ashford in Connecticut, that rugged spot which gave a knownto to the Revolution and a Lyon to our war for existence. Ephraim Squier, his grandfather, was one of the sturdy band at the fence on Buck's Hill, who alone form as noble a stock as any titled grandee can boast of.

E. George Squier was born at Bethlehem, Albany County, New York, in 1821, on the 17th June, the anniversary of that glorious battle of freedom. His father, a devoted Methodist clergyman, gave him a common school education, and fitted him for a career which his native powers could not but crown with success. He early turned his attentions to literature and to the great modern engine of power, the press. At Albany he was, in 1841, a contributor to the Northern Light, edited by Gen. Dix, and other periodicals, as well as associated in the editorship of the New York State Mechanic. This led him to take a prominent part in mechanics' movements of the

time; he lectured frequently, and was one of the committee that visited the State prisons, and reported on the labor of convicts.

He next appears in 1843 as editor of the Hartford Daily Journal, but soon turned his eyes westward and took charge of the Scioto Gazette at Chillicothe, the oldest paper west of the Alleghenies.

A taste for antiquarian and historic research here developed itself. Ohio, a marvellous land for its ancient works, relics of tribes that have left no written history, inspired him. He traversed much of the State, examining, excavating, questioning the mounds of an extinct race, and published, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, an elaborate work on the subject, full of accurate data, plates and descriptions, solid reasoning and careful and well weighed arguments. The work at once took rank as the most valuable archeological work ever issued in the country.

Having returned to his native State, in the commercial capital of which he has since resided, he made in 1855 an exploration of its Aboriginal monuments, and drew up a full and accurate report, which was also published by the Smithsonian Institution.

His reputation as an antiquarian was made by these works, which for the first time began in a true spirit and with sound critical research the study of American antiquities.

In the spring of 1849 he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires to Guatemala, with special missions to the other Central American States. In the difficult field of diplomacy, his great native powers, his complete appreciation of the people and governments of those States, of English views and American interests, as evinced in his controversy with Mr. Chatfield and Sir Henry Bulwer, made his services of the highest value. His visit to Central America was not without its fruits in literary, antiquarian and commercial points. His pen rapidly gave to the public, "Nicaragua, its People, Scenery and Monuments," a noble work that appeared in 1851. "The Proposed Inter-oceanic Canal," "Outline of the Political History of Central America," and "Aborigines of Nicaragua," besides a number of elaborate reviews, sketches and articles. His diplomatic correspondence, published by Government, contains the most valuable material we possess as to those parts. To recruit his health he visited Europe, and was warmly received in every scientific and literary circle from London to Naples, having enjoyed the hospitality of the King of Prussia for several weeks, and made the friendship of the illustrious Humboldt, was elected a member of the Society of Antiquaries of France, of the Royal Society of Antiquarians of Denmark, Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians of London, and of the Royal Society of Literature.

On his return he resolved to carry out a project which he had conceived, of establishing a railway through Honduras, from Puerto Cabello, on the Atlantic, to the Bay of Fonseca, on the Pacific. In April 1853, he proceeded to the spot with an engineering expedition, explored a feasible route, obtained a charter from the Honduran Government, and returned to organize a company.

The moment was inauspicious, as the Schuyler funds had thrown suspicion on such investments; but Mr. Squier visited Europe and secured the co-operation of capitalists in England and France, the Government of those countries giving special guarantees for the road. While there he drew up the treaty between England and Honduras for the retrocession of the Bay Islands.

Mr. Squier then superintended the final survey of the road, and published "Notes on Central America" (1854), "Walks" (1855), "Question Anglo-American" (Paris, 1857), "Report of the Survey of the Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway" (London, 1859), "The States of Central America" (1857).

His last public appointment was that of Commissioner to Peru. One of the leading inducements with Mr. Squier for accepting the Commission to Peru was the opportunity it would afford him to prosecute his archeological studies in that wide and interesting field, in which are comprised some of the most remarkable aboriginal monuments of the Continent. He would thus be able to connect the ancient remains of the United States, Central and South America in a comprehensive whole, with exact data, and a judgment formed from personal study on the spot. No sooner, therefore, had his labors as Commissioner ended, in November last, than he started on his cherished scheme of exploration, directing his steps to the central and most important seats of Inca power, the islands of Lake Titicaca, the classic city of Cuzco, Huancayo and Cajamarca, where shadowed over by the two great mountain ranges, the Cordilleras and the Andes, exist some of the grandest records of aboriginal art. From Mr. Squier's observations and explorations, the world may expect a work as elaborate and exact, in regard to Peru, as those which have inseparably identified his name with the monuments of the United States and with the States of Central America. The aspiration of Prescott that some competent hand, without credulity and with a judgment supported by scientific real, should illustrate the antiquities of Peru seems now on the point of realization.

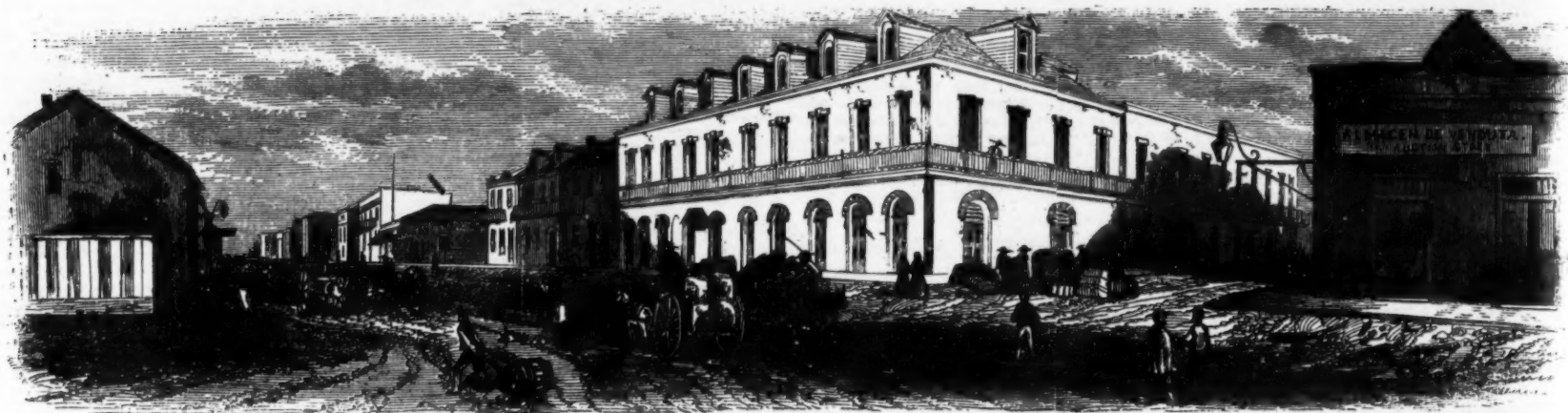
Besides the works already mentioned, Mr. Squier has written "The Serpent Symbol; or, Worship of the Redipical Principles of Nature in America;" "A Monograph of Authors who have Written on the Aboriginal Languages of Central America" (1851); "Letter of Don Diego de Palacios to the Crown of Spain, in 1537, on Guatemala, San Salvador, etc., with a Translation and elaborate Notes;" "Tropical Fibres and their Economical Extraction (1851);" a "History of the War of 1861." His minor articles, contributions to the "British Cyclopædia," to Appleton's New Cyclopædia, as well as to reviews and other periodicals, and papers read before learned and scientific bodies, are of great number and no less importance.

NORTON & Co., 102 Nassau street, have lately introduced in this country a useful and convenient novelty in the form of a reliable watch for army use. It is an imitation of the celebrated timekeeper so much in use among the British Army officers, and is calculated to meet the wants of our soldiers in the field. The name adopted for this watch is the European Timekeeper, and its low price, only \$15, places it within the reach of all.

PUNISHMENT OF IDLE HUSBANDS IN NEW ZEALAND.—The head chief often interferes in minor matters of a domestic nature. For instance, if a lazy fellow has a wife or two and a few children, and, through his love for fishing, dancing and loitering idly about, neglects to bring in the necessary supplies for his family, a complaint is made; the chief visits the house in person, and if he sees just cause for punishment, he orders out the population of the village. Men, women and children arm themselves with a stiff birch made of small cane, then form a long double line, about six feet apart, and await with anxious gaze the approach of the delinquent. At last he is placed at one end of the line, amidst a shower of yells, screams, jibes etc. The word is given by the chief, and away he darts at his utmost speed through the ranks, every one endeavoring to hit him as he passes. According to his deserts, he may get off with running the line once, or he may have to do so twice or thrice; but he is skilled in cunning and fleetness that can run the line even once without having his skin tickled for him by the application of the birch, wielded by some strong woman. As the punishment is not of a fatal kind, the whole affair creates a unrestricted merriment. If the victim is a smart fellow, he may escape with few blows, but if he is sulky, heavy and dogged he pays for it. For one month afterwards the families of victims are provided for by the public at large, under the fatherly superintendence of the chief. At the expiration of that time, if he has all his domestic matters in perfect order, as a good father and provident husband ought to have, he again resumes his place in society, and shortly afterwards helps, an experienced hand, to flagellate some one else.



THE PLAZA DE ALLENDE, MATAMORAS, HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. CORTINA.



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, MATAMORAS.

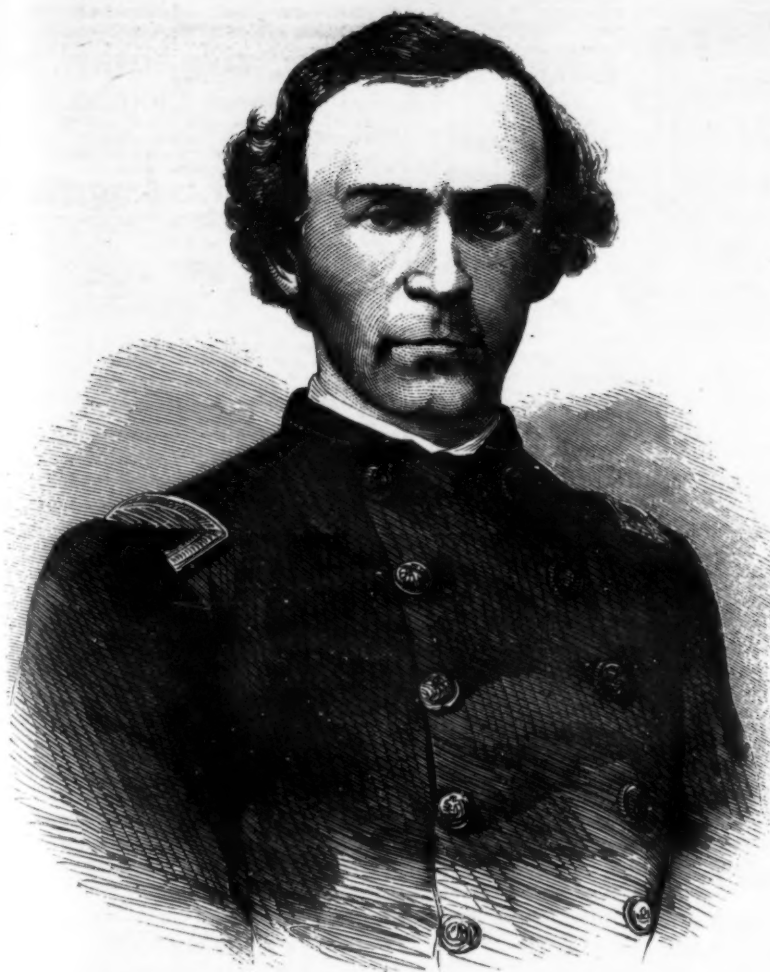


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THE MARKET HOUSE, BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

SCENES ON THE RIO GRANDE.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOWLER.



COL. JOHN K. MIZNER, THIRD MICHIGAN CAVALRY (CAPT. 4TH U. S. A.)

ACTING BRIG.-GEN. J. K. MIZNER,
Col. 3d Michigan Veteran Cavalry, Chief of
Cavalry, Left Wing 16th Army Corps.

COL. MIZNER was born in the State of
New York, but while he was young his parents
removed to Michigan, from which State he entered
the Military Academy at West Point.
He graduated with honor, and received the appoint-

ment of Brevet Second Lieutenant in the United
States Army, July 1st, 1856. Was promoted to
Captain in the 4th United States Cavalry, and was
appointed Colonel of the 3d Regiment Michigan
Volunteer Cavalry, March 1st, 1862.

During the siege of Corinth he was placed in com-
mand of a brigade, and soon after the evacuation was
made Chief of Cavalry on Gen. Rosecrans's staff, and
acted as such during the memorable campaigning
which ended so gloriously in the battles of Iuka and

Corinth. The 3d Michigan Cavalry was recruited in
the fall of 1861 at the Grand Rapids, by the influence
of Hon. T. W. Kellogg, and left that place, Nov. 28th,
1861, with 1,163 men, and under the command of Col.
Mizner has participated in the following engage-
ments: New Madrid, March 10, 1862; Farmington,
June 5; Iuka, September 19; Corinth, October 3
and 4; Hatchie, October 4; Spangler's Mills, July
25; Bay Springs, September 10; Holly Springs,
November 7; Lumbkin's Mills, November 29; Ox-
ford, December 2; Coffeeville, December 5; Jackson,

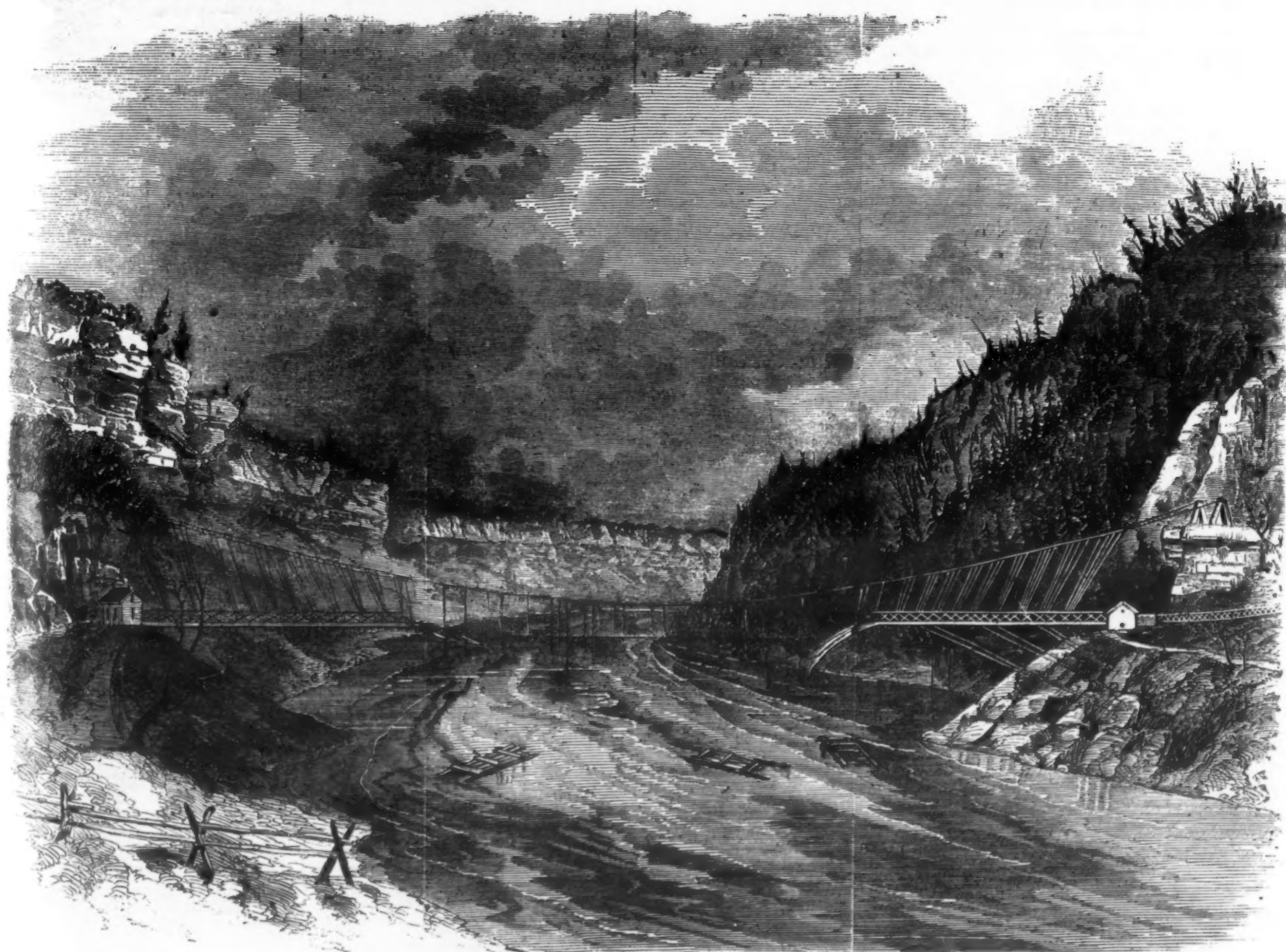
July 13, 1863; also in the sieges of Island No. 10 and
Corinth, besides a great number of skirmishes.

The regiment has captured, besides what have been
taken while co-operating with other commands, 2
colonels, 5 lieutenant-colonels, 3 majors, 22 captains,
37 lieutenants and 1,648 privates. The aggregate
strength of the regiment, after having been two years
in the service, is 544 men, 792 of whom are now in
the field doing duty.

Col. Mizner is Chief of Cavalry Left Wing 16th Army
Corps, and commander of all the forces on the



LIEUT. JOHN F. NICKELS, THE RECAPTURE OF THE CHESA' LAKE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.



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will inform you what you can have for \$1, and at the
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ever told the world what Catarrh really was—where
it commenced—and what would cure it. Price \$1.
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Genuine American Lever Watch, in 4 oz.
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Elegant Watch same as above, with Chronome-
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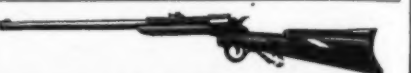
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Capt. McGee's " Lexington, Mo.
Capt. Hunter's " Sedalia, Mo.
Capt. Olds' " Perryville, Ind.

LEAVENWORTH, Oct. 12, 1862.

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STAND OF COLORS, in a contest against THREE
INFANTRY COMPANIES. They were to fire in
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shoot at the command "Fire" We were OUT-
NUMBERED TWO HUNDRED shots by the in-
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